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— THE WORLD'S NEWS IN PICTURES

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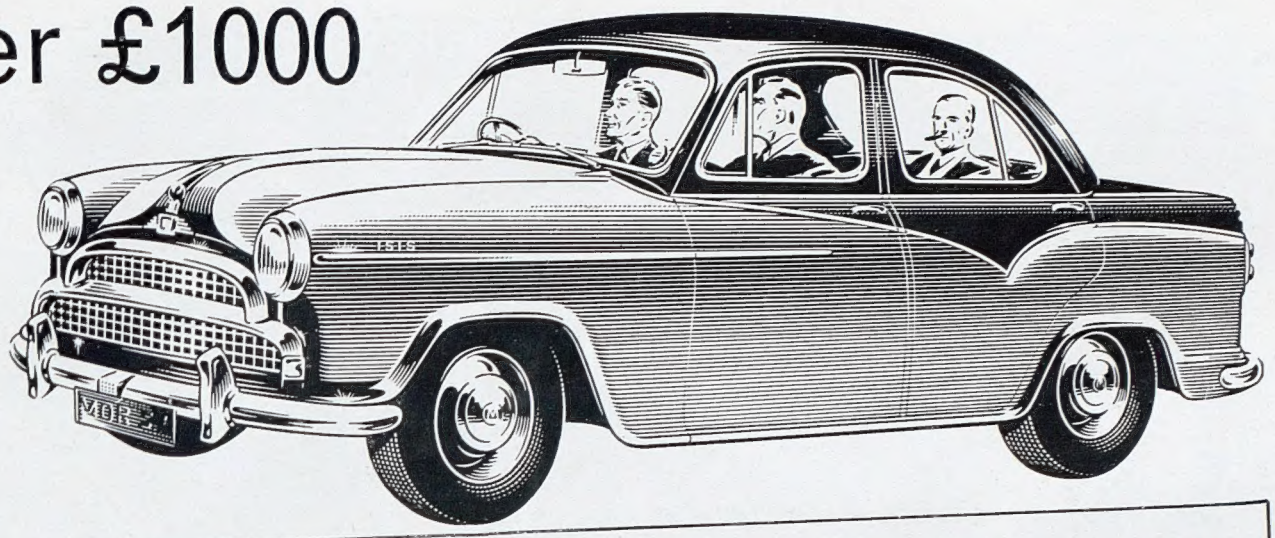

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Volume CCXXX No. 2998 The SPHERE, London, September 14, 1957

The SPHERE

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THE QUEEN AT THE HIGHLAND GATHERING—HER MAJESTY WITH MEMBERS OF HER FAMILY IN THE PAVILION AT BRAEMAR : They were given a great welcome by a crowd of 20,000 who thronged in and around the Princess Royal and Duke of Fife Memorial Park by the little village on Deeside. The Duke of Edinburgh was also in the Royal party and as the cars arrived from Balmoral they were piped into the arena by the massed music of nine of Scotland's best pipe bands.

For over a century it has been the Royal custom to attend the Highland Gathering at Braemar and, certain that this year there would be no break in the tradition, crowds began from an early hour to descend on the Deeside village by car, bus and on foot. It was estimated that 20,000 people had assembled by the afternoon when the word went round that the Queen and her family had left Balmoral. In the morning it had been raining but now the sun broke through to give a splendid setting to the Royal arrival in the arena. In the first car were the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Charles and Princess Anne, Prince Philip and his son wearing kilts of Balmoral tartan. Then followed the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret. As the Royal Standard was raised, they were received by the Marquis of Aberdeen, the Lord-Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire. The programme included caber-tossing, hammer-throwing, wrestling and dancing, and the final of the tug-of-war. A piper from Auckland, New Zealand, L. L. Turrell, won the principal piping event, the Pibroch Cup. (Other pictures of the Highland Gathering at Braemar are on page 371.)

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THE CIRENCESTER SHEEP FAIR: Buyers inspect penned sheep at the annual Fair in the Gloucestershire town. This year 4,000 sheep were offered for sale. Domesday Book records a market in Cirencester in 1086. The sheep fairs are probably much later, the earliest accounts coming from the beginning of the eighteenth century.

HOP PICKING IN KENT: The familiar scene is at Crowhurst Far in Kent and Sussex for the picking season, and "hoppin year yield and quality of the hops are both very go

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Blackpool and After.—Almost always, before the T.U.C. delegates meet for their autumn conclaves, optimistic Tory newspapers prophesy that party splits will widen and leaders be dethroned. It has come to be assumed that the T.U.C. is the Socialist Party's parliament and I suppose it is true that of the 1,000 delegates who meet at Blackpool, 98 per cent. would call themselves Socialists of some colour. That being accepted, the term "Parliament" has in this context no English ring about it. Some go further and assume that the T.U.C. is also the Socialist Party Cabinet and settles policy, and in doing so, can practically dethrone the leader of the Shadow Cabinet and set up another in his place. Let us pray (and even assume) that the Blackpool delegates are not concerned with king-making and are not irresponsible, though some of the preliminary resolutions, backed by the bigger unions, seemed to destroy that hope. But I refuse to assume that the heads of the great unions are obstinately "again the Government," or blind to the economic consequences of continued inflation, in so far as it results from ceaseless demands for higher pay with no corresponding increase in production, and from constant guerilla strikes that increase the lost man-hours and aggravate the vicious circle. In the face of competition from Germany and Japan, the vicious circle and its regularly reported statistical results must cause them acute anxiety, and that anxiety was clearly voiced on the opening day. A majority of speakers may dislike Mr. Macmillan's Government and all its works, and hope and expect to replace it with something more to their taste in two years' time, but, if they are not blind leaders of the blind, they must to-day be more concerned to win back their lost authority and restore industrial relations and conditions to a standard of common sense and discipline which can face the fearful challenges of our times, whatever Government is in power. The alternative is to admit that, as leaders of the great unions, they can do no more than join with their irresponsible elements in sawing through the branch of the tree they all sit on. I can understand that these delegates have come to Blackpool in a pessimistic mood, for political events have made the future appear as black as at any time since 1945 and it would be a bold Socialist who could claim that things would be very different to-day if Labour had been in power since the time when Eden took over as Premier. In the last few years, could Mr. Gaitskell have averted those deplorable strikes or converted the Kremlin to a sense of urgency and responsibility in efforts to halt the armaments race?

Sooner or Later.—No doubt at all the General Council of the T.U.C. is wiser than certain individual unions. It is doubtful if its voice carries so far or carries so much weight in T.U. councils as do those of its largest and most powerful component unions. In demagogy, the loudest voice is the most compelling, and most mass movements are kept going by the loudest voice offering the brightest returns. There are no doubt fewer responsible leaders in the movement than there were a few years ago. There would be still enough of them (if the power of the General Council carried its old authority) to control even the biggest unions. The whole structure is out of date and out of hand, and since reform can only come from within, any immediate hope of reform is remote. Sooner or later, the most irresponsible leaders will discover that, by refusing to relate wage claims to production, clear signs of mortal danger to their own unions begin to be seen and felt. Then and only then will the great movement begin to reform itself. Sooner or later . . . or too late? It is so with the arms race. Sooner or later, the bluff and the bidding will be called and ended, and the suicide pact will be seen by all concerned to be *just that*. But when these games are played, whether political or economic, on the crater edge, "sooner or later" is an elastic and terrifying phrase. "Sooner or later," for the Kremlin aces in the struggle for power, death or banishment is assured as penalty for a false move. And Khrushchev, as he waved an insincere farewell to his old comrade, Molotov, bound as envoy extraordinary to the Ultima Thule of Russian banishment, may well wonder whether "sooner or later" a single ticket to a distant embassy will be his portion, too. I fear that Mr. Khrushchev will receive his ticket before our T.U.C. regains its former responsibility or the world's suicide pact is cancelled by mutual agreement. Not that I anticipated reckless decisions at Blackpool or the end of all attempts to find a formula on partial disarmament. We shall go moving on just an inch or two nearer to the crater edge of bankruptcy and the final big bang, unless a miracle averts the drift.

Zorin's Rocket.—While admitting a very imperfect knowledge of ballistics (even of the shotgun) the announcement by Zorin of Russia's perfection of an intercontinental rocket added no new terrors to my anxiety for the future of civilisation. It is depressing to have confirmation—if it were needed—that these disarmament talks have never been anything but bluff and bombast and appear to have no future and no point; and one's depression is not relieved by the comedy of Western statesmen's reaction to the "new weapon." Assuming this new marvel in mass destruction has been achieved (which some doubt), is the state of the world a penny the worse? What can this inter-continental rocket do which the H-bomb could not do so long as no agreement on aerial inspection exists? That was Mr. Dulles' reaction—and mine. And the British Air Chief met the news with the assurance that for years past our defence plans have "taken into account" the likely perfection of this rocket and added he did not yet accept Zorin's news as Gospel. But Russia's sabotage of the latest American proposal was uncompromisingly definite. In five minutes Zorin liquidated the hard and hopeful work of five months. The Bedlam game of bluff which bears the title of Disarmament Conferences is once more confirmed as such. The best brains of the Western countries concerned, available under their party political systems, are at work, forever seeking a way out of the *impasse*. None the less, you and I are left with the feeling that we are innocent little boys in a nightmare private school which is controlled by a junta of irresponsibles and that our destinies are in the hands of men quite powerless (many of them through no fault of their own) to save us from total disaster. The arms race now quickens its pace once more and we must tighten our belts still further to pay for the next experiments, and steel our hearts to endure the boasts and the brag about their earth-destroying possibilities. Indeed, Mr. Sandys has already fired an answering salvo to Zorin's rocket.

A Galaxy of Autumn Books.—The libraries may be in difficulties, TV may be drawing away many potential readers (whose education will sadly suffer by the exchange) and publishers may be anxious for the future. But the new books for our autumn reading show that some authors are in good heart and form and have no lack of fine subjects. I seldom remember such a galaxy of new biographies, well worth the high price at which they are published, as the last few weeks have produced. The Great Victorian women, in particular, have come into their own in new biographies and one wonders why such subjects have waited so long for definitive treatment. How pale are the sex-ridden, disillusioned novels set beside the adventurous careers of these noble women who jumped over the walls of Victorian convention to use their gifts and express their power and genius for the good of humanity. These latest biographies of such women as Mary Kingsley and Harriet Martineau set Victorianism once more on its pinnacle. Debunked as hypocrites, slaves and narrow-minded, these Victorians tower again above the generations that have despised them and recall to us the virtues of an age when life was purposeful and earnest, when doubting and cynicism were kept under control, and discipline was held an indispensable

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at Peckham, Kent. Many families return each year to the farms still the annual paid holiday for numerous Londoners. This though some gardens have been afflicted with a virus disease.

HONOURING THE MEMORY OF THE LORD PROTECTOR: Below the statue of Oliver Cromwell, outside the Houses of Parliament, the Cromwell Association holds its annual Commemoration Service. The address was given by Sir Hugh Foot, Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of Jamaica, a son of the Right Hon. Isaac Foot.

attribute of civilisation. There is much they can teach us, little they could learn from us, of the meaning of hard work, of resolution, of endurance; and of the value of faith in themselves, in their country and in the ultimate purpose of life. Although faith, discipline and purpose are hard to attain to-day, yet I think that this type of biography would be a better and, in the end, a cheaper education for all of us, young and old, than TV and the cinema and the bulk of the new novels.

Muggeridge Moves On.—I read that Mr. Muggeridge is giving up the Editorial chair of *Punch* just after I had reviewed an excellent new history of that century-old institution. It will be said that his editorship had a marked effect on an unusually drastic stage of evolution in *Punch's* history. In truth, I think, the evolution began to step up its dignified pace before he took over, though many new features must be charged to his credit or to his account. I expect our fathers and grandfathers, as they grew older, shook their heads over *Punch's* evolution, complained that they couldn't make head or tail of the new jokes and wondered what the world was coming to when a national institution could so change its face or wear so obscure a domino. But Mr. Muggeridge, no doubt, *was* a new line in Editors and in his writings in other journals has sometimes revealed revolutionary and forthright ideas, disturbing to conservative minds and unusual in the long line of *Punch* Editors, from Radicals onwards. He is forthright, too, in his utterances on the air, and it may be he feels that, as a man with a duster, he can find more powerful instruments for achieving his cleaning-up of our still dusty cupboards than by the employment for that purpose of our national humorous journal, which even now, despite its changed face, has not altogether lost its middle-period conservatism and adherence to tradition. It doesn't surprise me that, in the present state of the world, there should be a very vocal campaign by young and old iconoclasts to debunk tradition and pour contempt on accepted ideas and outworn conventions. They can hardly add to the boiling power of the melting-pot.

Airborne Ministers.—Just at the moment when it was being anxiously debated whether Ministers should not be relieved of some of their responsibilities in order that they can devote more time to planning new legislation (a vicious circle which ends in increased responsibilities), the Premier's intended visit to Australia, India, and so on, was welcomed as a new departure and a welcome initiative. A new departure it is for a Premier in office, but the choice of countries to be visited implies no increase in the burden of responsibility for the Premier. Australia, India, Ceylon and Pakistan would not be so ready to welcome him if he were to come among them with the avowed and expressed object of giving them advice on how to run their affairs. He will come to learn, to inform himself, to consult, co-ordinate and co-operate in matters which concern the Commonwealth as a whole. It is different with Ministers who are concerned with Colonies and the younger independent units of the Commonwealth. For them their tones add greatly to their burden of office, and the criticism that they are too constantly airborne may be justified. For work piles up for them on their desks in their absence and may hold up vital decisions. In Mr. Macmillan's case, his intended tour serves two vital necessities. It should give him a holiday without which no modern Premier can hope to preserve his health in office and it should adjust the notion that London is too much favoured as the consultative centre for Commonwealth affairs. It will be a start for a new conception in periodic conferences between Dominion Premiers and will create the impression that the capitals of each are in their turns entitled to be the scene of such meetings. If Mr. Macmillan is a good traveller under modern conditions, his tour "Down Under" next year should serve these two very useful purposes. It has in past years too often been held against our leading statesmen that they have known at first hand less than they should of what is done and thought overseas.

Gardens *Vice* Grouse.—No doubt, there have been more grouse to be shot in Scotland this year than for some time past. They were especially good in the Lowlands and in Angus, though some of the once famous moors in Nairnshire and Inverness are still in the sulks. Most of my active life, I came to Scotland to enjoy the grouse shooting before all else, but now I belong to a lost and forgotten generation and have to admit that my legs will no longer support me to the end of an even highly-mechanised grouse-driving day, and certainly not over ground where tracked vehicles cannot go. And so, at least in Scotland, I fall back on Scottish gardens and philosophically argue that it is inhuman and illogical to cry: "What a lovely day, let 's go and kill something." The gardens of Scotland which I have seen this year certainly justify the exchange of recreation. In particular, I was bowled over by the grandeur of the borders within the high walls of the garden of Newton Don, near Kelso, where purple clematis riots, crowns and frames the dense and wide blocks of colour. The famous garden of Cawdor Castle, too, is assuming a new face and already has revived its greatest glories of the pre-war days. What cannot such gardens, dug and fed continuously for 250 years, achieve in their banked-up, black soils and in the shelter of high walls centuries old? When the English gardens are done with for the year, the Scottish come into their own, and it is worth travelling 600 miles to see them in their glory. When open to the public, these show gardens invariably reap a much bigger harvest for good causes than do the English, and that goes also for local sales and galas, a fact which hits for six the traditional jibe at the canniness of the Scot, who, in truth, economises neither in purse nor in mileage for a good cause or a social occasion.

THE OLD STAGER

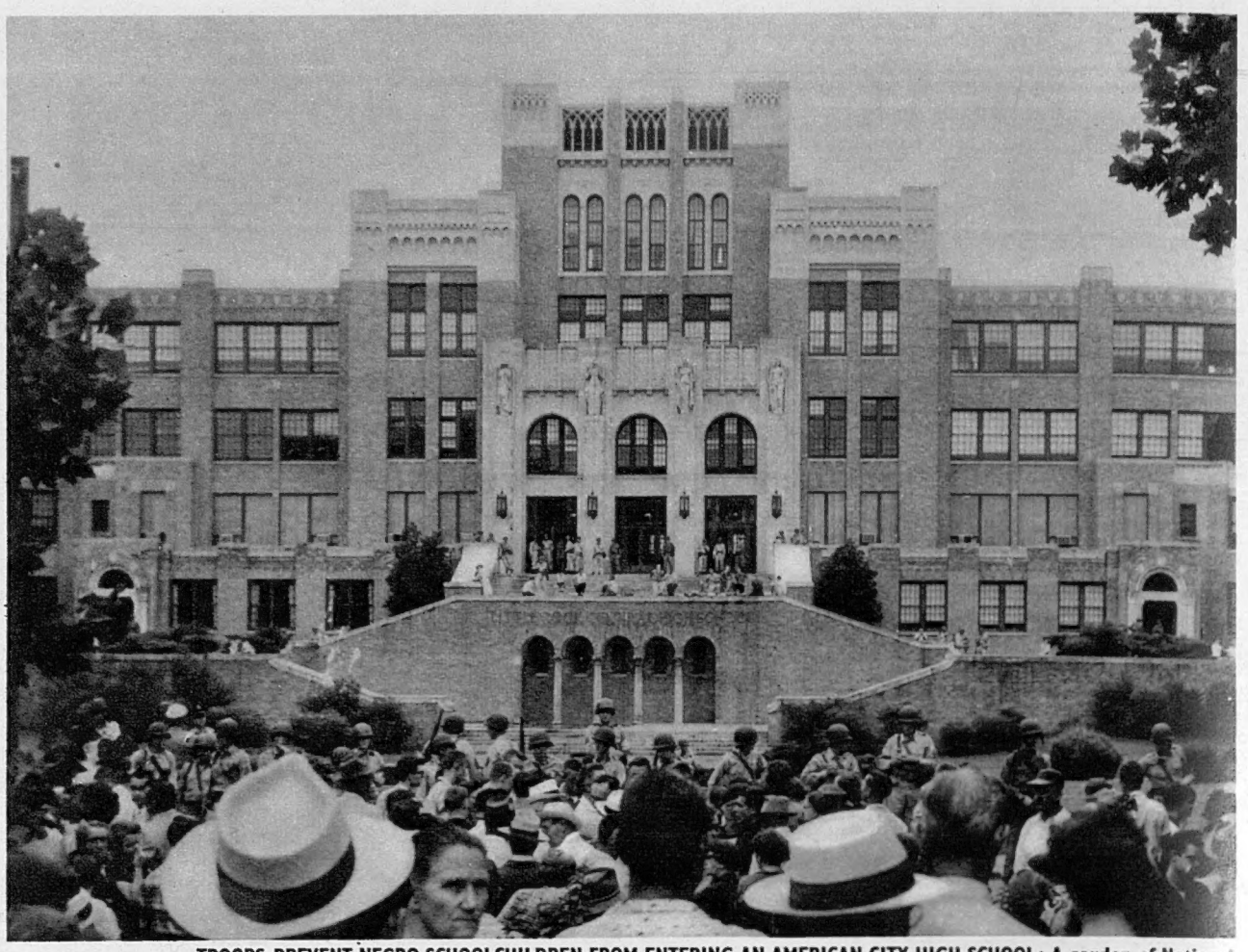
AN EXHIBITION OF CHILDREN'S ART: Fascinating creations of the child mind are on view at the Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly, until the end of the month. The 300 paintings and 120 textile exhibits are all by children between the ages of five and sixteen, apart from a special section devoted to the work of two seventeen-year-olds.

COLOUR BAR IN LITTLE ROCK

Troops Called Out to "Prevent Violence" in the Arkansas City

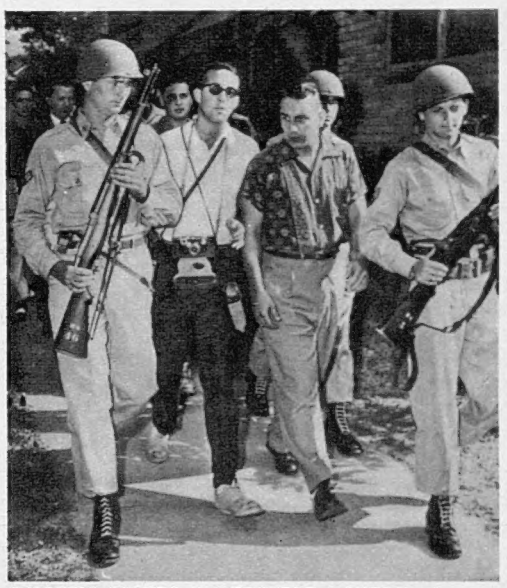
Although the Supreme Court's ruling of 1954 that the integration of black and white children in schools should take place "with a deliberate speed" has not been easily accepted in the Southern states, there has been little violence in areas where it has started to take place. However, in Little Rock, Arkansas, in spite of the fact that the city's Board of Education last year voted to integrate its schools, the Governor of the state, Governor Faubus, called out National Guardsmen when Negro school children attempted to enter the "white" city high school. The guardsmen refused to allow Negro children to enter. Governor Faubus said that he called out the troops to prevent violence, but it has been alleged that there would have been no trouble if he had not done so.

The attempts of Negro children to enter the city's high school were a result of the ruling of a Federal Judge, Judge Ronald Davies, who overruled a local court decision and ordered integration. A petition that a delay should be allowed before this took place was bluntly turned down by him last Saturday. Governor Faubus replied to President Eisenhower's subsequent strong intervention in the case by saying that he would welcome a Federal enquiry



TROOPS PREVENT NEGRO SCHOOLCHILDREN FROM ENTERING AN AMERICAN CITY HIGH SCHOOL: A cordon of National Guardsmen bars the entrance to the Central High School in Little Rock, Arkansas, and prevents Negro children from entering. The soldiers had been called out by the Governor of the State, allegedly to prevent violence over the integration of white and coloured children in the school. This has raised a constitutional dispute between the Federal and State Governments because the Supreme Court has ordered integration.

A CROWD WAITS OUTSIDE LITTLE ROCK CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL: At the Governor's orders, troops stand by to prevent violence at the attempted entry of Negro children in the high school.

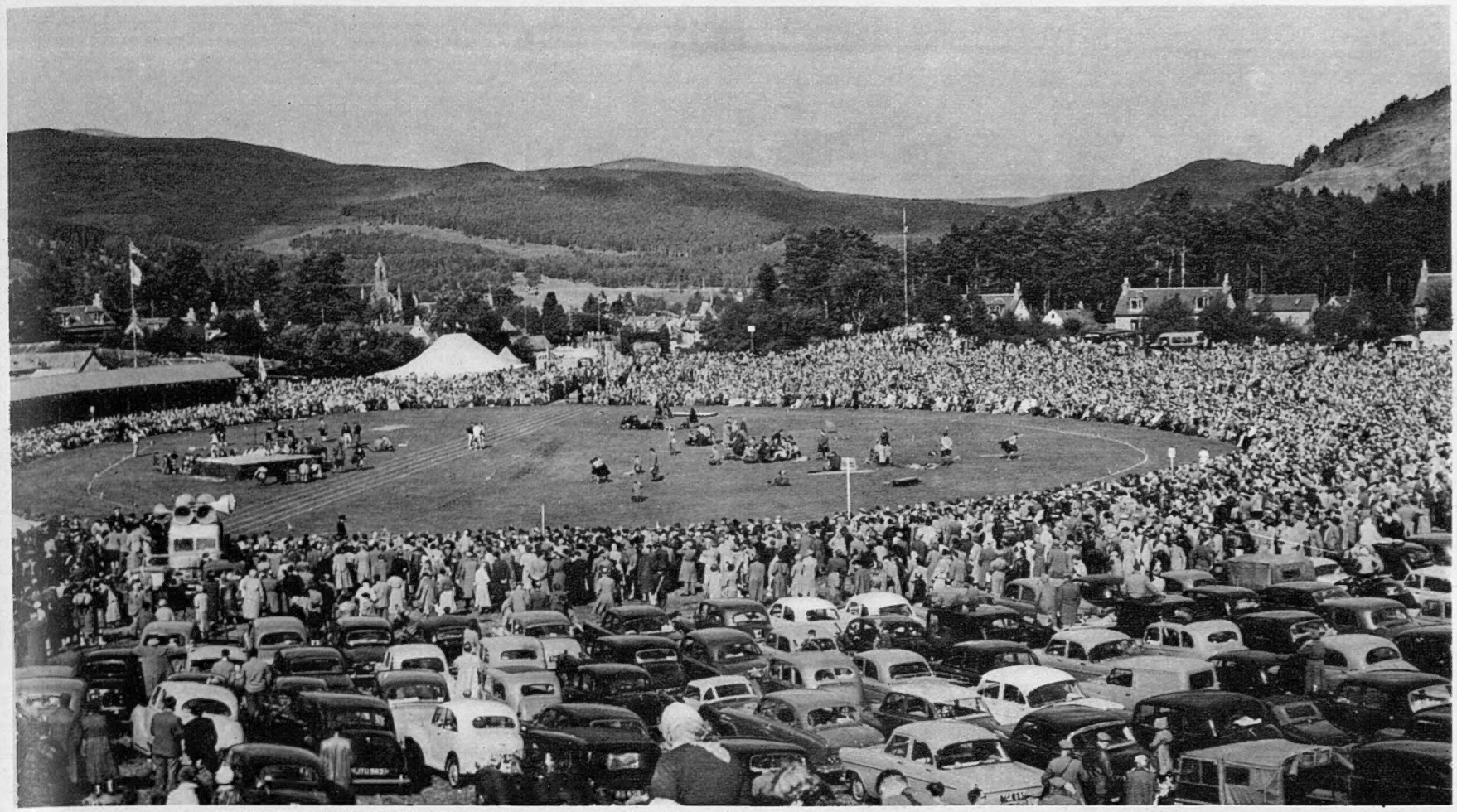


SOLDIERS ESCORT A "TROUBLE MAKER": A man with a camera round his neck is escorted from Little Rock High School. He was accused of carrying a weapon—a knife with a 3-in. blade.

GOVERNOR FAUBUS FACES THE PRESS: The Governor tells newspaper reporters why he called out the National Guardsmen. He maintained that he thought that their presence was necessary to prevent bloodshed.

SOME NEGRO CHILDREN WHO ATTEMPTED TO ENROL IN THE "WHITE" SCHOOL: They pose for a picture outside Little Rock's Federal Building, where they had signed affidavits on their cases.

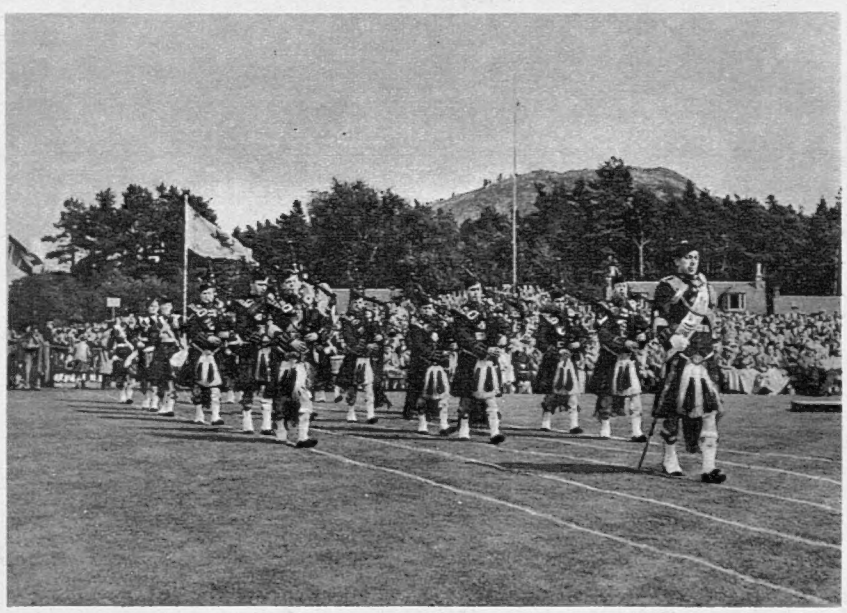
A NEGRO GIRL IS REFUSED ENTRY: A State militiaman orders the girl to go away. On the left a white school child walks past troopers towards the school. Little Rock's Board of Education a year ago voted for integration and it is alleged that had the Governor not called out National Guardsmen there would have been no trouble.



THE TRADITIONAL SCENE BELOW THE HILLS OF DEESIDE: Various events are in progress in the arena at Braemar during the Highland Gathering, which was attended by the Queen, Prince Philip, their children and the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret on Thursday afternoon last week. They sat in the front row of the pavilion and the huge crowd of spectators were especially delighted by the obvious enjoyment of the programme by Prince Charles and Princess Anne. A very popular victory in the Royal box was the triumph in the final of the tug-of-war of the Cameron Highlanders over the Gordon Highlanders. The Duke of Edinburgh is Colonel-in-Chief of the Camerons.

BRAEMAR GAMES

An Annual Royal Occasion on Deeside, in the Highlands



HAMMER AND PIPES: *Left, above*—Throwing the 22-lb. hammer is Ewan Cameron. He was watched by the Royal party. *Right*—The pipe band of the 1st Battalion, the Gordon Highlanders marches round the arena at Braemar. When the Queen arrived for the Gathering she was greeted by nine pipe bands.

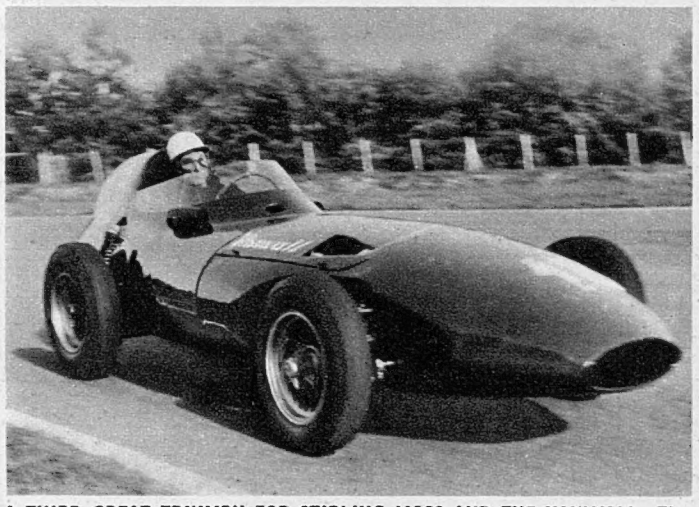
A PATRON OF THE GATHERING: Captain Farquharson (left), a neighbour of the Queen on Deeside, is with his wife and daughter. Behind them stands Lord Aberdeen, Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire.

A HIGHLAND FLING BY FIVE YOUNG DANCERS: From left to right they are: Joyce Grant, Jenny Drummond, Betty MacWilliam and the twins Anne and Rona Maclaren. At the other end of the scale of ages in the dancing competitions, sixty-three-year-old Mr. Tom Williams, of Birmingham, was the oldest entrant.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

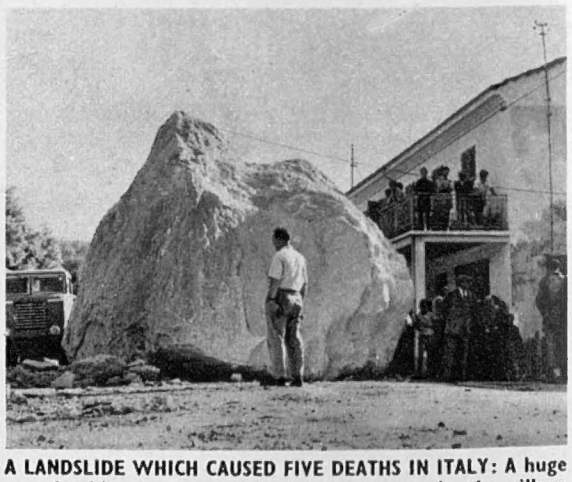
On right—

CHARTING A NEW NORTH-WEST PASSAGE: The Canadian Arctic patrol ship *Labrador* probes the Bellot Strait in the ice-filled waters at the north of Canada. *Labrador* was taking part with three American coastguard vessels in the joint U.S. Canadian operation which has discovered a new west-to-east north-west passage across the top of the North American continent. Other ships have made their way through these northern waters in recent years, but they have all been shallow draught vessels. The new route assures a passage for deep draught ships which will be possible for about four months of the year. The expedition followed a course from Shepherd Bay through the Gulf of Boothia to Baffin Bay. Cartographers were carried and buoys were dropped to mark difficult stages of the route, which will be used to facilitate supplies to the Distant Early Warning (D.E.W.) line of radar anti-aircraft installations established by Canada and America on a 3,000-mile arc across the Far North.



A THIRD GREAT TRIUMPH FOR STIRLING MOSS AND THE VANWALL: The British driver is seen in his car on the track at Monza, in Italy. Last Sunday this British combination won there the Grand Prix of Italy, at an average speed of 120.27 m.p.h. It was the third Moss-Vanwall Grand Prix triumph, for, with Tony Brooks, Moss won the Grand Prix of Europe at Aintree two months ago and the Pescara Grand Prix last month. The Monza victory was perhaps the most notable, for in it Moss had to compete against the full might of the Italian Grand Prix stables. The World Champion Juan Fangio, driving a Maserati, was second.

THE LONDON LORD MAYOR'S SHOW IN HELSINKI: Royal Marines and officers and men of the Royal Navy march in Helsinki. They were in the procession in which Sir Cullum Welch, the Lord Mayor of London, drove through the Finnish capital in his State coach to open the British Trade Fair. Although it was referred to as a "miniature Lord Mayor's Show" the column stretched for two miles and included several trade floats. At the Fair, organised by the British Federation of Industries, over 500 British firms are exhibiting.



A LANDSLIDE WHICH CAUSED FIVE DEATHS IN ITALY: A huge boulder has come to rest in a street in the village of Verrua Savoia, near Turin. It was one of many rocks which came rushing down when the side of a hill above the village collapsed and rushed down on to dwellings and a bridge over the Po. A café and several houses were hit by the landslide and five people were killed. *On left*—A general view of the rock-fall on the village and the end of the bridge.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE WORST TRAIN DISASTER IN JAMAICAN HISTORY: A search is made among the debris of coaches of the train which was derailed with appalling casualties near Mandeville, some 65 miles from Kingston. About 1,600 passengers were returning from a day's outing to Montego Bay organised by St. Anne's Roman Catholic Church, Kingston. The train is reported to have been travelling along a twisting track when it was derailed. Eight of the twelve coaches were wrecked. Casualties were at least 175 dead and 700 injured. Some of the dead could not be identified.

THE PRESIDENT OF ITALY STARTS FOR TEHERAN: Signor Gronchi talks into a microphone at the Ciampino Airport, in Rome, before flying to Teheran for his State visit to Persia. The visit was postponed last year because of the Suez crisis. Since then an oil deal has been negotiated between Italian interests and Persia, and President Gronchi's trip is regarded in many quarters as putting the final touches to this deal, which is not altogether popular in Italy.

right—

ADVENTURE ON A RAFT IN THE BALTIC: The Polish raft *Fratva* under sail near Gotland. Measuring 30 ft. by 7 ft., it had been sailed from the coast of Poland by four Polish students. After a week they sighted the southern tip of Gotland and were towed round a reef by a Swedish coastguard cutter. Twenty-four hours later they were reported stranded on the coast of the island. The raft had broken its keel but the crew were safe.

On left—

EVE OF THE POLL RALLY IN GERMANY: Herr Erich Ollenhauer, Leader of the Social Democrat Party, speaks at a meeting in Hamburg. Below the platform the streamer proclaims: "In the Spirit of Kurt Schumacher," the late leader of the West German Social Democrats, who before his death was the outstanding figure in post-war West German Socialism. The Socialist Party is the only serious challenger to the Christian Democrat Union Government of Dr. Adenauer in the West German elections being held to-morrow (Sunday September 15).

A MANCHESTER STORE BURNT DOWN: Firemen direct a stream of water into Paulden's Department Store as one of its walls collapses, in the All Saints area of Manchester. The roof of the building had fallen in an hour after the outbreak of the fire had been reported. Some 150 firemen fought the fire, but the building was almost wholly destroyed.

FROGMEN IN TREASURE HUNT: Spectators on the bridge watch strange shapes emerge from the moat surrounding Salisbury Hall, near St. Albans. The weed-covered figures are Royal Marine frogmen and the central one is waving an old newel post. The search of the moat in this modern style was undertaken at the request of the owner of the Hall Mr. W. J. Goldsmith, who is himself an ex-Marine. He believes that below the water is buried valuable treasure, including ancient religious statues.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

CRASHES DURING A MOTOR-CYCLE RACE: Britain's Cecil Sandford runs to his Mondial motor-cycle after a minor collision during the 125-c.c. race at the thirty-fifth Grand Prix des Nations at Monza, in Italy, last week. The other motor-cycle in the collision, also a Mondial, was ridden by the Italian competitor Provini. Neither of the riders was seriously hurt nor was the rider of a third crashed cycle which is seen in the left background. Sandford later finished fourth in the 250-c.c. class at Monza on another Mondial.

RIDING AT SPEED: Libero Liberati, the winner of the 500-c.c. motor-cycle event, takes a bend at high speed during the senior class race, in the thirty-fifth Grand Prix des Nations at Monza, in Italy. His machine was a Gilera.

On right—

AT THE BUCKINGHAMSHIRE COUNTY SHOW: Members of the Whaddon Chase Pony Club take part in a musical ride during the annual show which was held at Hartwell Park, near Aylesbury.

THE "LAUNCH" OF "A SHIP WHICH WILL NEVER SAIL": Lady Mountbatten, the wife of the First Sea Lord, performs a ceremony outside the Town Hall of Woolwich, in London. She is breaking a bottle of water from the River James, in Virginia, on the bows of a replica of the *Susan Constant*, which carried the first settlers to Jamestown, in Virginia, 350 years ago. The replica ship is taking part in the re-enactment of the Jamestown landing in the programme at the current Woolwich Tattoo (which ends to-night, September 14). The water was flown to Great Britain by the United States Air Force.

A BOMB EXPLOSION IN CYPRUS: A policeman stands in one of the wrecked rooms of a house in which an explosion had occurred in a Turkish suburb of Nicosia. Four young Turks were seriously wounded and one died almost immediately. The other three died in hospital during the next few days. Police investigating the cause of the explosion found a number of home-made bombs and sticks of dynamite stored in the building. It was believed that they might have been made by the Turks.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

GERMAN YOUTHS RALLY AGAINST MILITARY CONSCRIPTION: The crowd are gathered outside the city hall at Frankfurt, in Germany, to make a protest against nuclear bomb tests and conscription. They are carrying banners and flags calling for the establishment of world peace and the reduction of armaments. Inscriptions on the banners include "No more war" and "Atoms for peace, not for Adenauer." Altogether about 9,000 people took part in the demonstration. The majority of the demonstrators were members of West German and Berlin youth organisations which sponsored the meeting under the heading "Anti-militaristic Action 1957."

THE BRITISH FOREIGN SECRETARY ARRIVES IN BELGRADE: Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the British Foreign Secretary is greeted on his arrival by air at Batajnica military airport by Mr. Koca Popovic, the Yugoslav Foreign Minister. Mr. Lloyd was in Belgrade for a four-day visit. He flew from London in a Comet aircraft of the Royal Air Force Transport Command. Accompanying him were Sir William Hayter, Deputy Under-Secretary of State, and other Foreign Office officials. The Foreign Secretary said on his arrival that his visit was "proof of the goodwill" which the British felt for the Yugoslav people. During his stay he had talks with President Tito.

AMERICAN TRADE UNIONIST ADDRESSES THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS: Mr. Walter P. Reuther, an American trades union leader from Detroit, addresses the Trades Union Congress conference at Blackpool. Mr. Reuther had attended the conference as a fraternal delegate from the American Federation of Labor and Congress of Industrial Organisations. He spoke of the solidarity of the British and American Labour movements as a more important weapon than military power in the fight against Communism.

THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS CONFERENCE IN SESSION: A general view of the Trades Union Congress conference in session at the Opera House at Blackpool last week. It was the eighty-ninth annual congress and was attended by nearly 1,000 delegates representing 184 unions. Sir Thomas Williamson, in his presidential address, made a forthright statement on the trades union movement's attitude towards the proposed European Common Market. In pointing out that Britain would probably lose more than she would gain by being cut out completely from such a scheme, he emphasised that the trades union movement could not be interested in a treaty which was confined to the idea of free trade. He said that they wanted full employment clearly written into any European agreement that emerged.

On right—

BALLOON ASCENT AT THE BRITISH TIMKEN SHOW: A member of The Hague Balloon Club from Holland is about to make an ascent in a balloon from a field at Duston, Northampton. The balloon was one of the many attractions at the British Timken Show, which was attended by over 30,000 people. This was an increase of 8,000 on last year's figure. At this year's Timken Show over 600 entries were received in the livestock section alone. Among the famous horse-riders who took part in events were Lieut.-Colonel H. Llewellyn, Miss Pat Smythe, Mr. Alan Oliver and Mr. Bob Grayston, of South Africa. The last-named won the open jumping event and the six bars jumping competition. Lady Pascoe, wife of Sir John Pascoe, chairman and managing director of British Timken Limited, rode a chestnut gelding in the lightweight hunter class.

SOME OF THE GUESTS AT THE BRITISH TIMKEN SHOW LUNCHEON: Seated at the table, from left to right, are: Lady Barnett, Lieut.-Colonel H. M. Llewellyn, C.B.E., and the Marchioness of Northampton. Standing behind them is Sir John Pascoe who is the chairman and managing director of British Timken Limited.

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AT THE MALAYAN INDEPENDENCE CELEBRATIONS: He is shaking hands at a ceremony in Kuala Lumpur with Mrs. Thomson, whose husband, Chief Justice J. B. Thomson, is on her right. Next in the line for presentation are Lieut.-General Sir Roger Bower, Director of Operations, Malaya, and Lady Bower. On left of the picture is Sir Donald MacGillivray, who retired from the post of British High Commissioner when Malaya became a Sovereign State.

THE END OF BRITISH RULE IN MALAYA

The Federation Becomes a Sovereign Member of the British Commonwealth

For most of the British at the celebrations of Malayan Independence, the occasion was one of pride mingled with sadness. There was pride in the achievement of the Federation becoming a Sovereign Member of the Commonwealth (who would have dared to think this possible as recently as five years ago ?). The sorrow was understandably nostalgic, the end of a long phase of British history and the start of a new, unfamiliar era.

The ceremonies, in military parlance, consisted of hand-over and take-over. The British handed over their control. The Duke of Gloucester, on behalf of the Queen, presented to the Prime Minister, Tunku Abdul Rahman, the document which terminated British protection or rule over the States of the Federation and welcomed them into the British Commonwealth of Nations as a full member. On their side the Malayans accepted responsibility for their own affairs. Among the first official gatherings were the installation of the Head of State, or Paramount Ruler, and the taking of the oath of allegiance to him by all the political leaders.

During this period, Sir Donald MacGillivray, the last British High Commissioner, laid down his office. The Paramount Ruler led him to the aircraft which took him and Lady MacGillivray from Kuala Lumpur, and in the procession were many Malayan representatives. "Auld Lang Syne" was played by a band and it was made abundantly clear to Sir Donald that he left Malaya with the respect and admiration of the people.

He had succeeded Sir Gerald Templer as High Commissioner in 1954. In the two previous years Sir Gerald had carried out one of the most astonishing achievements of British administration. He had, to all intents and purposes, put an end to the Communist terror which had threatened chaos to the country. One of the chief methods by which he did this was to send the ordinary British soldier as adviser to a Malayan community. Single-handed, the sergeant or corporal, carefully eschewing any arguments of force, brought the people to see that he could suggest a way of living which was far superior to any form of Communism and which could lead to real independence.

WORK WELL DONE: Sir Donald MacGillivray waves from the entrance to his aircraft as he leaves Kuala Lumpur at the termination of his office as British High Commissioner. He was appointed in 1954, succeeding Sir Gerald Templer. It was a result of the work of these two men that Malaya could develop so quickly to full independence.

ALLEGIANCE TO THE NEW MALAYA: Tunku Abdul Rahman (standing at table), the first Prime Minister of Malaya, signs the oath of allegiance to the Head of State (seated on left on dais) who had just been installed. Among those seated below the table are the Rulers of the States of the Federation. They also swore allegiance to their new Paramount Ruler.

When Sir Donald MacGillivray took over from Sir Gerald, he was able to start work on constructing a society at peace. But it required great patience and understanding to bring the Malayans to independence in so short a space of time. The two chief architects of Malayan freedom are undoubtedly the present Chief of the Imperial General Staff and the last British High Commissioner. Malaya, it seems, is not unmindful of this fact.

What of the future ? What will be the shape of things to come when the festivities and floodlights of *Merdeka* (Freedom) Day have become part of history, Constitutionally

THE HEAD OF STATE OF MALAYA: Beneath his ceremonial umbrella the Yang di-Pertuan Agong salutes during the playing of the Malayan National Anthem. The King of Malaya, or Paramount Ruler, is Tuanku Sir Abdul Rahman, Ruler also of the State of Negri Sembilan.

the Federation is now an elective Monarchy with an elected Parliament. The Yang di-Pertuan Agong, Paramount Ruler and Head of State, is voted to office for five years only. More important is the political Chief, the Prime Minister. The first Premier is Tunku (sometimes called Tengku) Abdul Rahman, who moved to office from being Chief Minister under the old system. In contrast to some of the other leaders of post-war full Commonwealth members he has no record of agitation against the British or imprisonment for sedition. Indeed, the transfer of power in Malaya has been carried out with a marked lack of bitterness.

There are, however, problems which will have to be faced in the immediate future. The three main racial groups in Malaya are the Malays, the Chinese and the Indians. At the start of the Sovereign Federation, the Malays are in control and the country is officially an Islamic State. But the Chinese and the Indians will have to be brought into sharing control of the management of affairs if Malaya is to develop successfully. The Chinese, in particular, may otherwise turn their eyes towards neighbouring Red China. If the Federation can evolve on an equitable basis there is no reason why Malaya should not become as important in the East as West Berlin is in the West. Abutting on Communist territory the Federation could be an example to millions in the Orient of what the word freedom can mean in practice.

FREEDOM IN FLOODLIGHTS: As midnight strikes on British rule in Malaya, the Union flag is lowered and the Federation colours are hoisted at a rally of the Alliance Party held from dusk to dawn. The word *Merdeka*, illuminated in giant letters below the clock, means "Freedom."

IN THE CHINATOWN DISTRICT OF THE FEDERAL CAPITAL: The Malayan flag flies from the buildings which are illuminated by a variety of lights on both sides of a busy thoroughfare. The banner stretched above the street advertises a local trade fair. On sale at it were goods from Communist China.

A ROYAL SEND-OFF FOR THE RETIRING BRITISH HIGH COMMISSIONER: Preceded by the Paramount Ruler and his wife, Sir Donald MacGillivray walks across the airport to leave Kuala Lumpur. Behind him is Lady MacGillivray.

REBUILDING SEOUL

The Capital of South Korea is Recovering from its War Devastation

At midsummer 1950, when the Korean War broke out, the world suddenly became aware of the place on the map of Seoul. Until then the importance of the town, situated about half-way up the Korean peninsula, had not been fully appreciated. Yet it was already rapidly expanding, being the centre of the American administration of South Korea. After the defeat of the Japanese in 1945 Korea had been divided into Russian (in the north) and American (in the south) spheres of occupation. In 1950 negotiations between the Americans and the Russians for the future unification of the whole of Korea broke down and in June of that year the northern forces crossed the 38th parallel, the demarcation line between the two occupation zones, and the war began which was to make history as the first in which a United Nations Force participated.

Seoul is less than 40 miles south of the 38th parallel. It was therefore inevitable that it should become the scene of bitter fighting. In the three years of hostilities it was twice taken by the Communists from the north and twice recaptured by the United Nations forces. Repeatedly bombed and bombarded, large areas were set ablaze and devastated but somehow surviving inhabitants continued to exist amid its shattered buildings and widespread débris. In fact, the troops, amazed at the people's will to live on, often referred to Seoul as "the city that wouldn't die."

With the signature of the Armistice in 1953, Mr. Syngman Rhee and the South Korean Government moved from Pusan down in the south back to Seoul and the authorities were able to take stock of the damage in the blackened and blasted city. To-day those who have not seen it since the war are astonished at the rapidity with which it has recovered.

In the autumn of 1953 thousands lived in the streets or camped in front of the skeleton of the railway station. Children swarmed in gangs, begging and stealing. Everywhere old and young were searching for traces of relatives who had disappeared during the Communist invasions. A story told among the American troops sums up the situation. A G.I. saw a child crying in a street. On asking the reason he was informed that "someone has just told him he is a Korean." Such was the atmosphere of misery in the present and despair for the future which surrounded the people of Seoul and elsewhere in ravaged South Korea.

Now, four years later, the picture has changed radically. Buildings on the main streets have been restored, ruts and craters in the roads have been filled in and many of the thoroughfares have been widened. There is a steady flow of military vehicles and smart civilian motor-cars. Gaily-painted trams have been imported second-hand from Los Angeles.

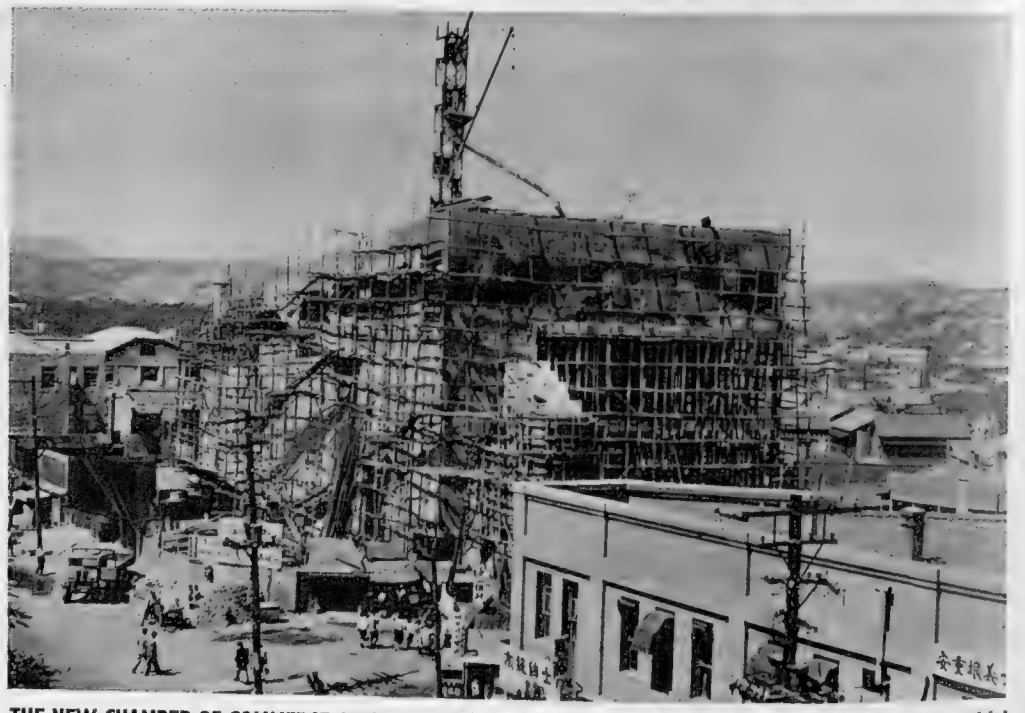
The counters of the two major department stores and the windows of smaller shops display stocks of household goods and materials which, until a short time ago, were regarded as the greatest luxuries because they were unobtainable. Many of the people wear gaily-coloured clothes and show no signs of undernourishment. Over a dozen night clubs are reported to be doing flourishing business and the majority of their patrons are Koreans and not American soldiers. Sure evidence of general prosperity is to be found in the Kisang houses (the equivalent of the Geisha houses of Japan). They are crowded with men seeking the enjoyment of the social, musical and other pleasures of these establishments. There is another side to the picture. The population of Seoul is ever increasing—the latest census puts the number of inhabitants at over 1,500,000. With this growth and with the many who have not yet recovered their homes destroyed in the war, the city has a considerable housing problem. In the residential quarters can still be found hutted and tented camps of refugees breaking the otherwise pleasant symmetry of the new buildings.

The recovery to date of the capital of South Korea has not been achieved without great difficulty and labour. Men, women and children have often rebuilt their homes with their own hands and the crudest tools. Having made such rapid progress the people are confident that it will not be long before their "city that wouldn't die" will be fully restored to life.

WESTERN AND EASTERN STYLES IN THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE CAPITAL OF SOUTH KOREA: In the background is a tall Occidental block of flats and in the right foreground a typical Oriental building. The scene is at the South Gate of Seoul which has now been largely rebuilt since its devastation during the Korean War. The trams have been imported second-hand from Los Angeles

CONTRASTS IN STANDARDS OF LIVING IN SEOUL: Many new buildings have arisen. But in the foreground are examples of the shacks and the tents in which many families in Seoul have still to live.

A LANDMARK WHICH SURVIVED UNSCATHED THROUGH THE WAR: The Capitol building in Seoul was originally erected by the Japanese for their Governor-General. It escaped damage during the war.



THE NEW CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OFFICE: Scaffolding surrounds the partially completed structure which will replace the old Chamber destroyed during the war. During the hostilities Seoul was four times a battleground. Now it has recovered its prosperity and has a population of well over 1,500,000.

GONDOLAS PARADE ALONG THE GRAND CANAL DURING THE ANNUAL REGATTA IN VENICE: They have just passed the Renaissance church of Santa Maria della Salute, in the right background. The traditional gondoliers' festival, which was first held seven centuries ago, includes races between various types of gondolas. The striped posts outside the palaces on the left display the colours of their proprietors' liveries. A Doge ruling in the thirteenth century inaugurated the first regatta after he had watched gondolas stream across the bay in celebration of the Feast of the Assumption. He decreed that henceforth a regatta should be held annually in honour of the gondoliers. Another regulation he made was that the prizes for the winners of the various races should be awarded by the "fairest lady present."

CARNIVAL IN VENICE

Pomp and Pageantry During the Regatta of the Gondoliers

The colourful regatta which is held in Venice each year is a reminder of the days when the city was not only Queen of the Adriatic but also Empress of the maritime world. The fête was initiated by a Doge ruling in the thirteenth century. He was so impressed by the procession of decorated boats crossing the wide bay to celebrate the Feast of the Assumption that he decreed that henceforth a special feast day should be set aside annually in honour of the gondoliers. He ordered that prizes for the winners of the various races should be awarded by the "fairest lady present."

To-day the procession and the races are held on the Grand Canal, which stretches in an S-shape for 2½ miles through the centre of the city. It passes a large number of marble palaces, which vary in style from Gothic to Lombardesque. Some of these palaces are 600 years old and have changed little in appearance in the ensuing centuries. The bridges under which the ornately-decorated vessels pass include the Ponte Academia and the Rialto, one of the most famous bridges in the world. The latter is split into two passages by a row of market stalls down its centre.

The carnival is not confined to the Grand Canal. It spreads to the numerous small canals, which are almost as beautiful. And on land splendid processions march through the piazzas. Many of those taking part wear the medieval costumes of knights, squires and pages. The costumes very often include coats of mail, swords and helmets and standard-bearers carry the ensigns of the ancient guilds of Venice.

CODS' HEADS DRYING ON A BEACH IN THE LOFOTEN ISLANDS: Bunched together on frames, they have the appearance of clusters of large vines or hops. The fishes' dried heads and spines are ground into a floury powder which is used as fodder or fertiliser. Almost every part of the cod can be put to some useful purpose.

COD FISHERMEN OF LOFOTEN

The Fish Caught off the Norwegian Islands are Used for Many Purposes

The Lofoten Islands in the Arctic Ocean, off the coast of Norway, are one of the chief cod fisheries in the world. Most people think of the fish as a popular and reasonably priced food and there can be few British tables which it does not adorn from time to time. The visitor to the Lofoten Islands soon discovers that it contributes much else in a wide variety of forms. It can well be called an all-purpose fish. Its maximum length is 6 ft. but the average cod will probably be around 4 ft. long. A distinguishing mark is the barbel or tuft under its chin. This, say the Norwegians, is the only part for which they have not found a use.

As a food the flesh of cod can be eaten fresh—it has a highly nutritious quality—or it may be dried or salted. The last two forms have a long survival value and are exported all over the world. The head and the spine are dried and ground into a powder which is fodder for cattle or fertiliser for the soil. The roes, salted in large barrels, may well find their ultimate repose upon pieces of toast, or, treated in a particular way, they are dispatched to Italy where sardine fishermen employ them as bait in their fisheries. The liver is processed into oils, the best known being the medical cod-liver oil, but there are also cod oils employed in industry.

When the liver is boiled a substance is produced called *grakse*. Although it is rich in vitamins it is very oily, and because of this it was regarded until recently as suitable only for animal consumption. Now, however, a process has been perfected for separating the albumen from the oil and the albumen by itself is of great value to human diet.

Cod means wealth to the Lofotens and in such communities as Stamsund, Svolvaer and Eggum most of the population are concerned in one way or another with the fisheries. At Stamsund the plant has been erected for separating the albumen from the oil in the *grakse*. Every port has its fleet of trawlers, trim vessels with crews of six and seven. The normal method of fishing is for two boats to trawl nets between them—but long lines are also employed and at the height of the season, when the fish have come down from the north to spawn and crowd the waters round the Lofotens, cod are sometimes picked out of the water by hand. The fishermen used to make their own nets but to-day fine nylon mesh is available to them ready-made. A nylon net costs 200 kroner (about £10).

The Lofotens consist of two groups of islands—the Vesteraalen and the Lofoten proper. Between them is a channel called the Maelstrom, in which run strong tidal currents. For centuries it was believed that the Maelstrom was a whirlpool which sucked in and destroyed all ships within a wide radius. More recent investigation has shown that the channel is dangerous only at certain states of the tide.

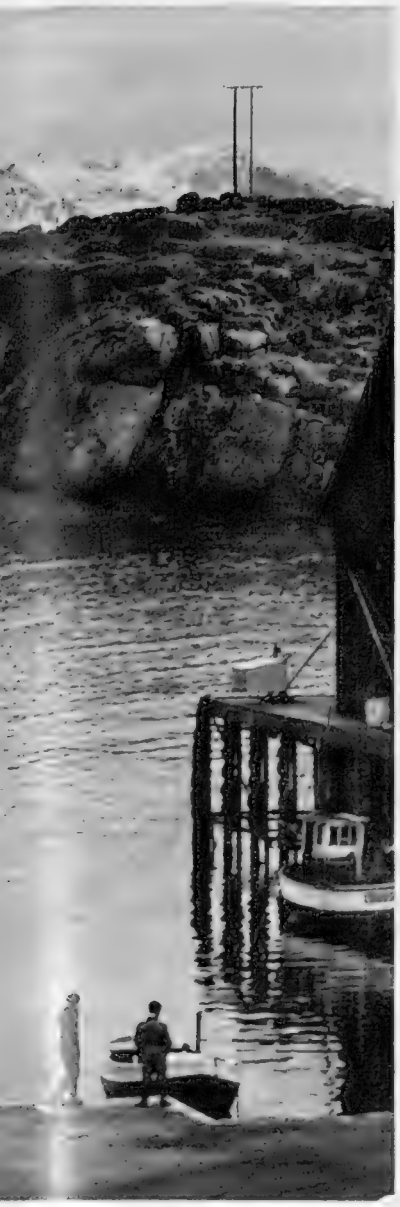
The islands have contributed a word to the dictionaries. But cod is far more important to most of the islanders.

Catching and processing the fish, they have been pondering the problem of finding a useful purpose for the tuft below the chin. Now someone has had a happy idea—perhaps they could be frozen and exported as gramophone needles!

THE DUAL-PURPOSE ROES: Treated with salt in barrels, they are widely exported as food or are sent to Italy for bait in the sardine fisheries.

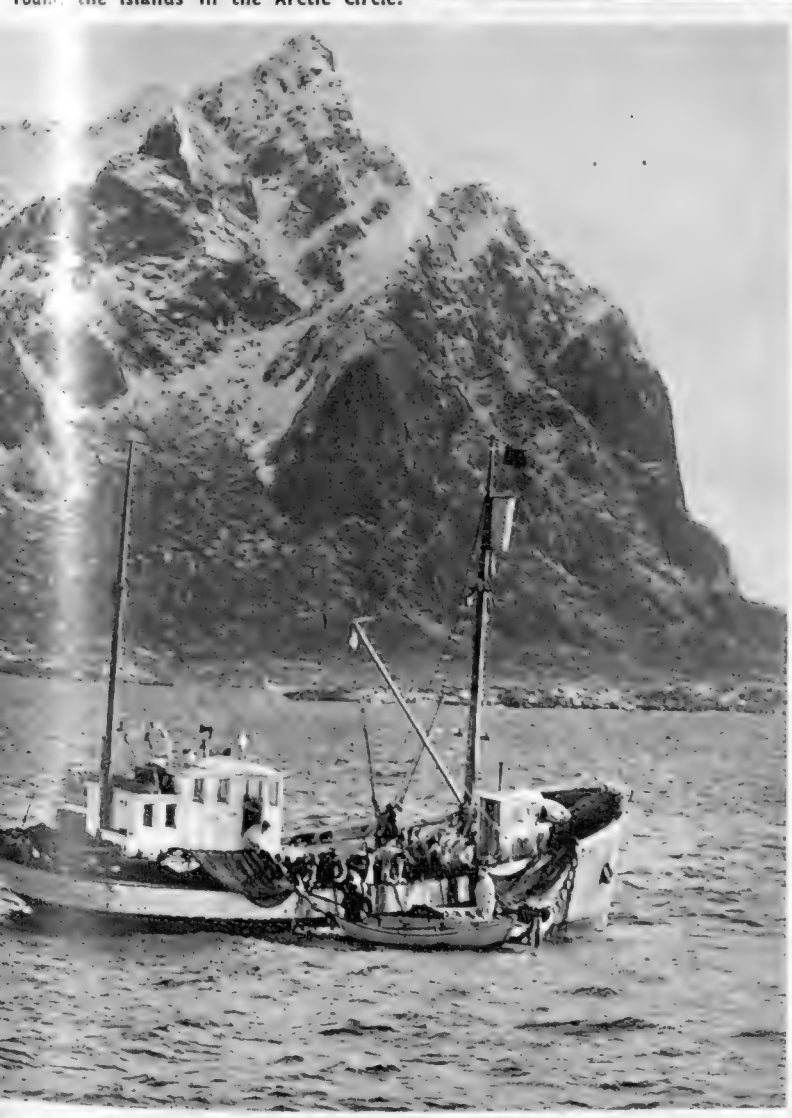
A NYLON NET: Fishermen stretch it out to dry on the rocks below the steep cliffs of Eggum. A fine net of this kind costs about £10. The fishermen used to make their own nets but now they buy the nylon mesh ready-made.

FISHING lines and Many of



A FIS NG CENTRE : Stamsund, in the Lofo n Islands, has been a community of c fishermen for centuries. Cod, as an a cle of food or in other forms, is expo d in large quantities from Norway. Som of the main fishing-grounds are roun the islands in the Arctic Circle.

A LOFOTEN FISHING FLEET : The craft lie in the harbour of Svolvaer. Each has a crew of six or seven, who have their quarters in a small cabin. The best period for fishing is the early spring, when the cod come down from the north to lay their eggs.



N PROGRESS : A net is being pulled aboard a trawler. Cod are also taken by long t the height of the season they are sometimes picked out of the water by hand. he vessels are fitted with radio-telephones on which crews talk to their families ashore.

HAULING IN A CATCH : The net is trawled between two boats. The two cod hung over the side of the small boat on the left are placed there to keep it in balance—yet another use for these all-purpose fish which, besides being a popular human food, provide oils of many kinds.

DESIGNING THE AMERICA'S CUP CHALLENGER

Science in the Service of a Great Yachting Event

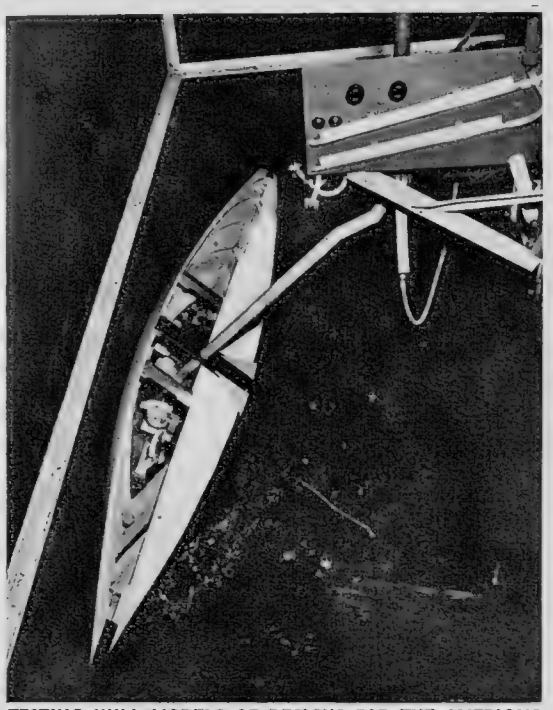
By GABOR DENES

SINCE 1851, when the schooner *America* won and took back with her a gold cup across the Atlantic, British yachtsmen have fought to regain this trophy, which has since become known as the "America's Cup." But the valour of famous owners and their crews, the genius of British designers and boatbuilders—as well as the fortunes spent in the effort—were in vain. The many attempts to win back this much-coveted prize failed to succeed up to the time of the last war. Conditions were so totally different after the war, however, that no one could even think of building a challenger, which, under the rules of the trophy, had to be a yacht of the "J" class, and sail her across to America, another one of the original conditions.

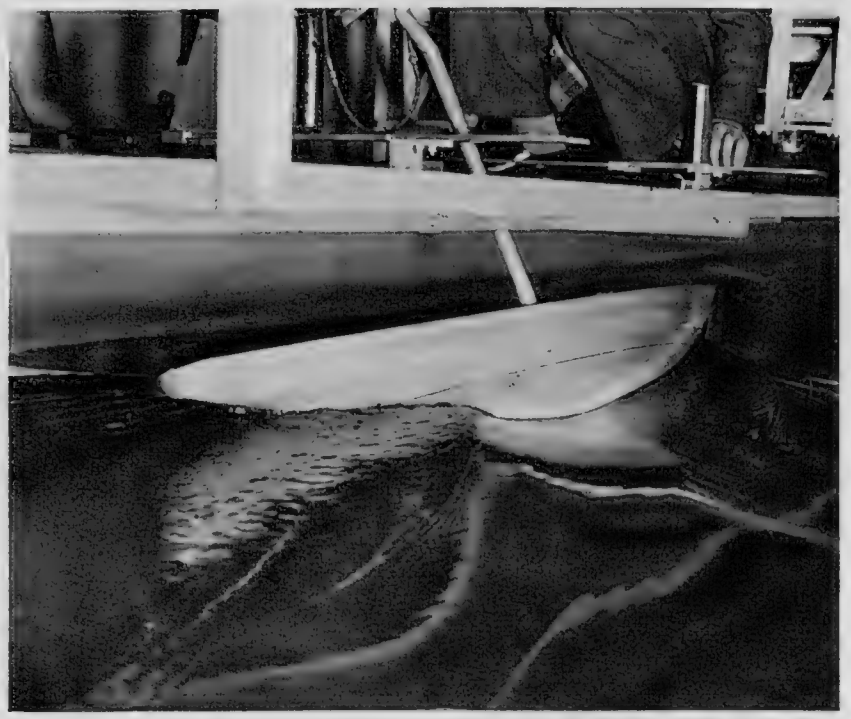
Last year, the New York Yacht Club, the custodian of the cup, obtained permission from the Supreme Court to alter the rules, so that the minimum waterline length of boats eligible was reduced to 44 ft. Also, the condition that the challenger must be sailed across was removed. The reduced size means that in future the America's Cup will be contested in yachts of the International 12-metre class. This immediately opens the door to a fresh challenge from Britain.

Already the Royal Yacht Squadron has issued the challenge and the race will take place in September 1958, in American waters. A Syndicate of members of the Squadron has been formed to manage and finance the whole effort. Its determination is shown by these words of its chairman, Mr. Hugh Goodson:

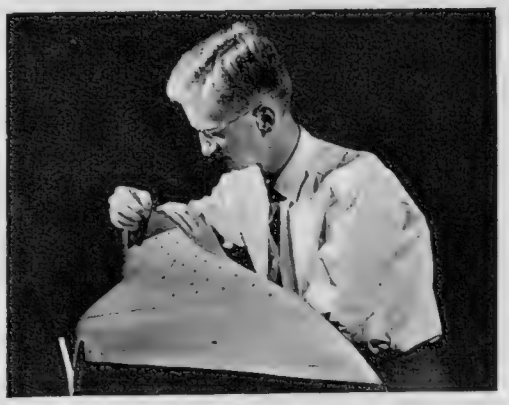
"There is no technical skill or knowledge available in this country which the Syndicate does not intend to employ to make this project a success. With regard to the prospects of success in this venture, the Syndicate is fully aware of the opposition likely to be met on the other side of the Atlantic, and it is its intention to utilise the enormous scientific and technical resources of this country not only to match, but to surpass anything that the Americans are able to produce."



TESTING HULL MODELS OF DESIGNS FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP CHALLENGER : A model of a hull for a 12-metre class yacht heels over as it undergoes testing in a tank at Saunders-Roe Ltd. It was one of eight submitted for a design for a 12-metre yacht to be sailed in 1958 when Britain again challenges the United States for the America's Cup trophy.

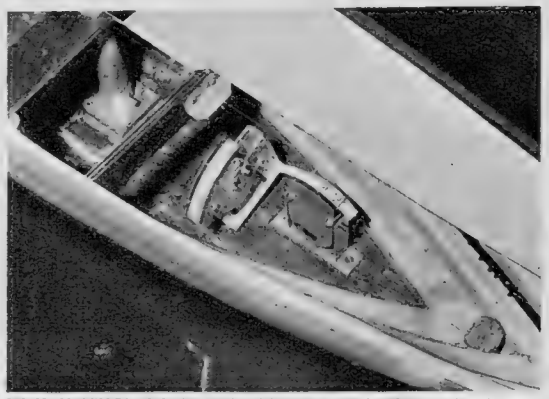


A HIGH-SPEED WIND TEST : The model yacht is moving down the tank under conditions representing high wind and speed. Readings are taken on a dynamometer operating beyond the top of the tall mast.

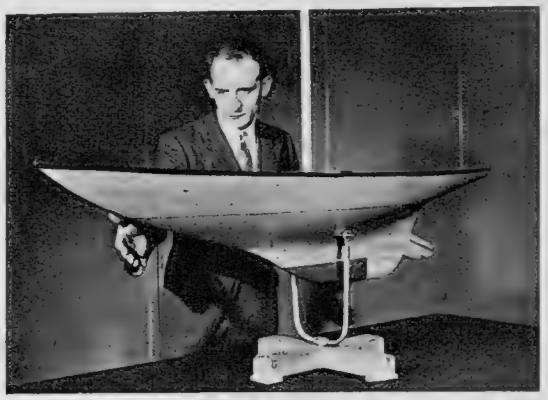


On left—

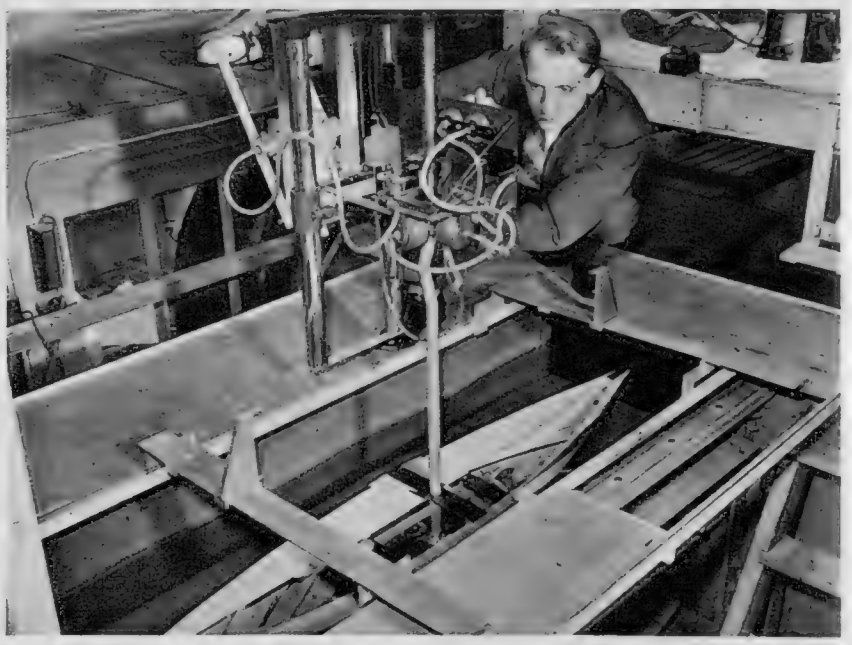
FITTING THE TURBULENCE STUDS: A technician is checking the positions of small studs on the hull of the model. The studs are essential in experiments for checking the flow of water round the hull, and it is important that they are placed in precise positions.



INSTRUMENTS IN THE HULL : They indicate heel and pitch angles and are located in the forepart of the model. A small piece of ballast for trimming can be seen in the lower right of the picture. The foot of the mast is at the top left.



BALANCING THE MODEL : For obvious reasons its centre of gravity must be in the correct position. For this purpose the ballast is carefully distributed until the model is perfectly balanced on a pivot.



A VIEW OF THE DYNAMOMETER : One of the supervisors adjusts the dynamometer prior to the model undergoing a test. This instrument rises and falls along steel columns, following the movement of the model's mast as it heels over. The model, for a possible America's Cup entrant, is in the small docking bay.

As there was not much time to be lost, it invited four of our most outstanding yacht designers, David Boyd, James McGruer, Charles A. Nicholson, and Arthur C. Robb, to prepare two designs each, from which the final design was to be chosen.

The models made from these eight designs were subjected to extensive tests in the Tank Department of Saunders-Roe Ltd., who gave all the scientific work involved as their contribution to the scheme. Altogether nine models were tested—the two from each designer, and a ninth, that of an old 12-metre *Flicka II*, being used as yardstick. The time available for the tests was limited, and some technical assumptions had to be made. For instance, the tests had to be carried out in calm water, and the models were assumed to be perfectly balanced, so that virtually no helm should be required. Apart from these and a few other assumptions, the tests were truly representative and the models were moved through the water in such a way that they heeled and made leeway in the same fashion as full-size yachts.

During the tests the models were pushed along with a special dynamometer through a point in the assumed sailplane which was estimated to be the centre of action of the aerodynamic forces acting on the vessel. In this manner they were free to heel and were forced to make leeway by an applied couple whose axis was vertical. The dynamometer measured the horizontal component of the forces, and the angle of heel was measured with a lightweight gravity-operated roll recorder. In this way each test run provided values for a particular speed through the water. Thus a series of conditions were simulated representing a range of different wind speeds. The technique and the calculations involved were far from simple, and because of the limited time available work went on day and night, making test runs, analysing the data and plotting performance curves.

During the test the condition had to be found each time where the model was sailing heeled over and making leeway exactly as the full-scale boat. Nine readings were taken for every test run. These were analysed to give a quantitative picture of the boat's performance over a range of wind speeds. When, at five o'clock one morning, the last test had been run, the tremendous work of drawing out the characteristic curves of the various designs had to be tackled. It was realised from the outset that it would not be possible to evolve an optimum design from the models, but merely compare their respective performances, and here it became apparent from the data gained that considerable progress had been made by designers since pre-war days.

The final selection of the best design was not an easy task, and could not be carried out by using the scientific data obtained alone. The difficulty was that—as expected—the models performed differently under varying wind conditions. Thus it would happen that while at a certain wind speed model "A" would be best sailing to windward and model "B" best running down wind, at a different wind speed models "C" and "D" would be the best performers to windward and down wind respectively. It was essential to interpret the data obtained by the tests with the greatest care. The final conclusion was reached only after much computation and further analysis by an independent expert, who announced the design by David Boyd as the winner.

THE MUSIC MAKERS OF MITTENWALD

At Work in their Instrument Workshops in the South of Germany

MODERN HARP-BUILDING IN A WORKSHOP IN BAVARIA: Herr Josef Obermayer works at a drilling machine in the workshop at Starnberg, south of Munich, established by his father, one of the best-known of Germany's contemporary harp-builders. Around him are finely-carved concert instruments which are most intricately constructed with several hundred different parts. Wood for the frames comes from countries as far afield as Canada and India and it is planed and highly polished to give the strings their tone. The broad, lute-shaped sounding-boards may have to undergo seasoning processes for a year. The Obermayer workshop employs fourteen craftsmen who turn out twelve finished harps in a year. The instruments are exported to many countries and in England can cost £1,500 each.

AN EARLY STAGE IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF A VIOLIN: At Mittenwald, close to the border of Germany with Austria, the "solid pattern" of an instrument is screwed to a board. The wooden blocks are glued to points which will later give the violin its inner support.

On left—

INSTRUCTION FOR AN APPRENTICE: A craftsman outlines on a drawing-board the main points of a violin to a learner at the workshop. Students come from many lands to learn the art of violin-making.

SALIENT FEATURE OF THE VIOLIN: A scroll at the neck is being prepared for one of the violin bodies, lying behind, to which it will be fixed.

SCREWING AND CLAMPING: The various parts of the body have been assembled and after being glued together they are screwed and clamped.

THE ROUGH SHAPE OF THE FRAME: Wood is patterned by a fretsaw into the rough shape of the top of a violin's body. On it, when finished, will be fitted the fingerboard and strings.

THE ESSENTIAL COMPLEMENT: A bow is fashioned. In the workshops at Mittenwald the making of the complete instrument—bow and violin—is taught to students.

Germany has for long been renowned as a land of music, not only for its composers and performers but also for its makers of instruments. The pictures on this page show workshops for the building of harps and violins in Bavaria.

The harp has a very long history, it being sometimes held that it was first derived from the ancient hunting bow, the tightly-stretched string of which gives a musical note. The Egyptians certainly knew the harp in a primitive form and through the centuries it has been constantly developed. To-day it is a complex instrument, a multitude of parts being required to fit into its frame of carefully chosen wood. It may take many months to finish the work on one instrument, but the German craftsmen know that there is a market for their harps anywhere in the civilised world where music is played.

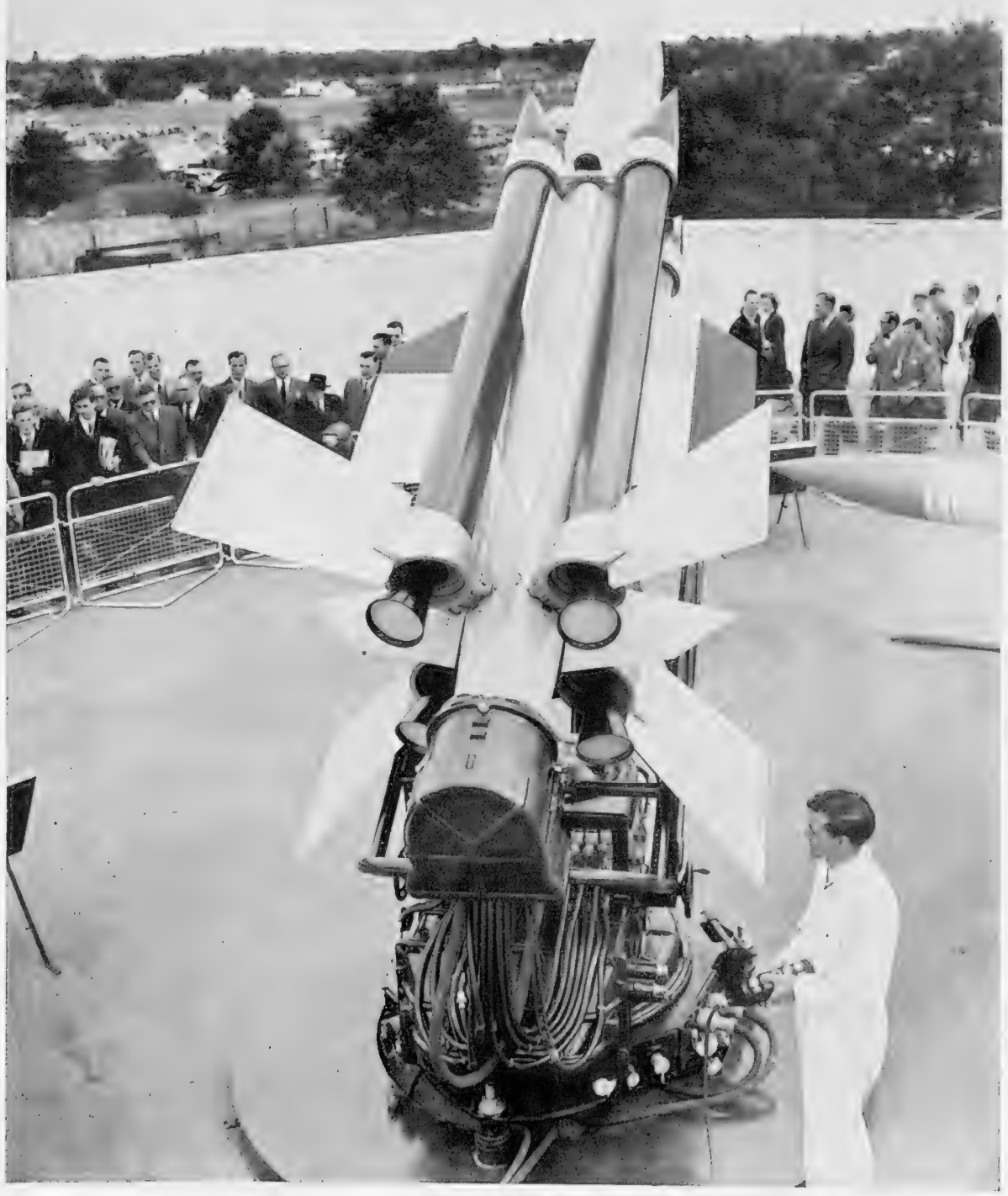
The violin has a much shorter history, dating back for no more than three and a half centuries. By the early eighteenth century its form had been settled, principally perhaps because of the creations of the great Italian, Antonio Stradivari. Since then it has undergone little change. The principal parts are the body, the fingerboard, the neck terminating in the head or scroll and the four strings, tuned in fifths (E, A, D, G).

At Mittenwald, the violin "factory" not only makes the instruments, it is also a school for violin builders. There are pupils, male and female, from Britain, France, Austria, Finland, Switzerland and Sweden. In a course of three and a half years they learn every detail of violin construction from the cutting out by fretsaw of the rough form of the body to the last touches on the neck and scroll of the finished instrument. Their teachers are craftsmen with years of experience and on completion of the course students who have reached the necessary standards of skill are awarded a diploma.

School and factory are in a typical Bavarian house with wooden upper storeys and the exterior gay with flowers in summer. The first impression of the visitor on entering the house is of a pervading smell of dried wood and glue in an atmosphere of silence broken only by the distant singing-sound of a band-saw. Once the door of the workshop is opened, the impression changes. The scene there is of great activity with many young men and women planing, carving, glueing or sawing

A SINGLE-SEAT "MIXED-UNIT" INTERCEPTOR: Beneath the high tail of the Saunders-Roe SR-53 are mounted its de Havilland Spectre rocket motor (above) and its Armstrong-Siddeley Viper turbojet. The SR-53 was shown on the ground and in the air at Farnborough. Mixed-unit aircraft are so-called because of their two powers for propulsion—jet and rocket.

A V-BOMBER SHOWS ITS PACES: A Handley-[illegible] Victor B Mark I bomber makes a low run ov[illegible] he Society of British Aircraft Constructors' Sho[illegible] The great size of all the types of the V-bombe[illegible] gives them the appearance of landing at almost no [illegible]peed at all



FARNBOROUGH 1957

On the Ground and in the Air at this Year's S.B.A.C. Show

For many visitors to Farnborough this year the focus o[illegible] attention was on the demonstration in the air b[illegible] mixed-unit aircraft and the display on the ground o[illegible] guided missiles. Among the mixed-unit aircraft (the[illegible] are alternatively known as "mixed power plants") was th[illegible] Canberra, equipped with a Scorpion rocket engine, whic[illegible] had a few days previously set up a new world altitud[illegible] record of 70,000 ft. The military purpose of the je[illegible] rocket combination was seen most clearly in the Saunders[illegible] Roe SR-53 Interceptor. The plane tears through the a[illegible] on its jet and then coming to the imaginary point o[illegible] attack extracts still extra speed by switching on th[illegible] rocket motor.

There were nine different types of British guide[illegible] missile on view. None of them, of course, could be pu[illegible] through its paces, but the weapons for use from ground[illegible] to-air or in air-to-air were present in sufficient forc[illegible] to make even the most pessimistic recognise tha[illegible] Britain's defences are keeping pace with the times. Of[illegible] great interest was a Thunderbird, with its parachute[illegible] recovery system. This enables these expensive tes[illegible] vehicles to be used repeatedly for trials. The missile ha[illegible] been fired three times at Woomera and three parachute[illegible] were still clinging to its somewhat battered structure.

Farnborough is by no means entirely spectacular. I[illegible] is upon orders for unsensational airliners and freighter[illegible] that the British aircraft industry so much depends[illegible] These were displayed in an abundance of variety, as were[illegible] the innumerable components, large and small, which are[illegible] so essential for safe and comfortable flight.

On left—

A BRITISH GUIDED MISSILE: The English Electric Thunder[illegible] bird was among the nine types of missile on view[illegible] It is a ground-to-air weapon which is on order for[illegible] the Army after its successful tests at Woomera[illegible]

THE VICKERS VALIANT ON SHOW ON THE GROUND: Projecting from its nose is the refuelling probe for refuelling in the air. All three "V"s—Valiants, Victors and Vulcans—were seen in the air. Flying displays were also given by Royal Air Force formations of Javelin and Hunter fighters. Two distinguished test pilots demonstrated—Wing-Commander R. P. Beamont in the English Electric P-1A and Mr. Peter Twiss in the Fairey Delta 2 in which he established the world speed record.

HORSE CHESTNUTS

"Conkers" are Always Popular with Children, but Otherwise the Tree has Little to Recommend it Except its Blossom

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

IN my garden there stand four very large chestnut trees. They are not Spanish chestnuts, sweet chestnuts; they are not the sort you can roast. They are horse chestnuts.

The horse chestnut did not acquire its name through any connection with the horse or its food—as a matter of fact, horse chestnuts are quite inedible; even pigs will refuse them in any shape or form, and pigs are not all that particular about their diet—but there is some debate about the derivation of the name. Some people maintain that the term "horse" was applied to this chestnut to indicate its coarseness as compared with the Spanish chestnut, in the same way that the horse radish is distinguished from the radish. Others claim that the name has been acquired because the petiole bears a quite remarkable resemblance to a horse's leg and foot. In addition, on the parent stem and the petiole there is often a wonderfully correct likeness of a horseshoe. Personally, I adhere to the second school of thought.

A HORSE CHESTNUT TREE IN BLOOM: The pink or white flowers or "candles" are its great attraction. However, its fruit is inedible even to animals, its leaves are useless for compost and they are difficult to burn on bonfires.

THE "CANDLES": These flower in May or early June. On "Chestnut" Sunday, before Ascension Day, people used to go to Kew to see the blossoms.

However, the real point about the horse chestnut is that the nuts, although they look very pleasant, cannot be eaten. In fact, these trees are chiefly admired for their beautiful candles of white or pink flowers which blossom in May and early June. (And admiration for the flower also seems to be dying out.) Chestnut Sunday is the Sunday before Ascension Day, and at one time people would flock to Kew Gardens and Bushey Park to see the trees in all their glory, but I do not think they do so any longer; certainly not in such numbers as when I was a child. Although I think that there are few things more beautiful than a horse chestnut tree in full flower, I think them worse than useless. I find them a nuisance. I am continually having to pull up their saplings from the flower beds, and it seems that I am for ever sweeping up their huge leaves. Furthermore, the leaves are useless for compost heaps, and are extremely difficult to burn on a bonfire. If it were not for the shade they give in summer, I believe I would have them cut down.

However, every time I think along these lines I know in my heart that I would never do so. They make so many friends for me. Every year, at about this time, small children, most of whom are total strangers, come knocking on the door to ask if they can collect the "conkers." Conker, as you will know, is the name of the nut of the horse chestnut. It is often believed that the name has been derived from the tree's habit of shedding its nuts just as you are passing by, and hitting you on the "conk" or, more politely, nose. But this is not so; conker is an English dialect word for "shell."

This visitation of children has happened annually now for nearly twenty years, which is the length of time that I have lived in this house. There are married men and women—mothers and fathers—living hereabouts, whose acquaintance I first made conker-collecting in my garden. Indeed, last year, for the first time, a grubby urchin arrived on my doorstep and announced that father used to collect conkers in my garden, and, please, could she do the same. I found it an extraordinarily satisfying incident.

This visitation of children delights me. Not only because I like children, but also because the more conkers they find, the fewer young chestnut trees I have to pull up. But I am amazed at the number they miss. Even the really enthusiastic ones, who arrive armed with an old piece of wood, which they hurl with wild whoops up into the trees to bring down the hanging nuts, seem to leave many of those they do bring down.

They want the nuts for the game of conkers, of course. It should not be necessary for me to describe this game. You must have played it when you were a child—that is, if you were properly brought up. It must, I think, be one of the oldest children's games in the world. The horse chestnut is mentioned in the Old Testament (in Genesis and again in Ezekiel) and it would not surprise me to learn—though, unfortunately, I never shall—that the game of conkers was played by the children of Abraham. There is, I am told (but I have forgotten the context), a reference to the actual game in the Roman literature of the third century A.D. The first reference to it in English literature, so far as I know, dates from 1612. That must be one of the earliest English references, for the horse chestnut was not introduced into this country until about the end of the sixteenth century, and it takes roughly twenty years for the tree to bear fruit. The sweet chestnut, by the way, seems to have been introduced by the Romans.

"CONKERS" ON A TREE: Inside the prickly outer shells are the little hard nuts which children so prize for the game of conkers, and eagerly collect each year.

Perhaps you were not properly brought up; perhaps you do not know the ancient game of conkers. No doubt, the game varies a little from region to region, has here and there acquired special local refinements. I should not, for example, expect to find it played in exactly the same way in Yorkshire and Kent. If memory serves me truly, I think that the game I played as a boy in Wales lacked some of the refinements of the game as played to-day on the Hampshire-Surrey border. However, the general principles are the same. You get a conker, bore a hole right through the middle of it, and then thread it on to a piece of string, tying a knot at the end to prevent it slipping off. You require quite a long piece of string, so that you can take a turn round your wrist and still have about 8 ins. hanging down. You do not want more than 8 ins., for the longer the string, the more difficult it is to handle. You are not, however, allowed less than 6 ins. You then find somebody else with a threaded conker, and challenge him or her to a battle.

Each in turn holds out his conker, hanging down and quite still, and the other has a "bang" at it with his conker. (The experts bring their missiles down sharply from over the left shoulder if they are right-handed; from over the right shoulder if they are left-handed.) The aim is to split your opponent's conker. If you do, then you capture it and thread it on to another piece of string. But if your conker splits while you are having a shot with it, then your opponent captures it. You want, of course, to get a string full of captured conkers; as many strings full as you can.

In this neighbourhood—and this is a refinement we did not have in Wales—a conker that wins ten battles is called a colonel, one that wins twenty battles is a general, one that wins fifty battles is a king, one that wins 100 battles is an emperor. It is a much greater glory to beat a colonel or a general than it is to capture a mere novice with but four or five victories to his string; for if you beat a colonel or a general, you capture not only that conker, but all his victims as well. If you beat an emperor you have quite a collection. There are not many kings in the world, and very few emperors. I have never even had a general. But I know an old man, now in his eighties, who still has the conker he took to imperial status when he was a boy.

In many other parts of the British Isles, however, a more prosaic and direct method of enumerating the conkers' victories is used; conkers are called "oners," "twoers," "tenners," "twentiers" and so on according to the number of opponents they have vanquished. But I fancy that the technique of the game varies very little throughout the land.

There is more in this game of conkers than you might imagine. For one thing, you need a very straight eye and a nice judgment of distance; three misses and you have lost your conker. You also need a very nice eye for a conker, because there are conkers and conkers. A big fat conker is like a big fat man, pretty soft. A smallish one is better; anyway it is harder to hit. Also, it is better to get a conker off a tree rather than pick up a windfall. I always know that any small child on my doorstep armed with a lump of wood is a good deal brighter than he or she looks. And then there are things you can do to conkers to make them tougher. Some people believe in baking; others in soaking in vinegar. I am a vinegar man myself.

The strange thing is that there seem to be male and female years for conkers. One year I only seem to get small boys on the doorstep, another year only small girls. At any rate, there is a preponderance of boys some years, of girls in others. And the game is more popular in some years than in others. But there is never a year when it is not played—all over the world, wherever the horse chestnut grows. And this autumn I hope, at last, to hold my own with the invading infants. I have had a nice small conker hardening up for the past twelve months.

ROW OF LINERS IN NEW YORK: Smoke still pours from the *Queen Mary's* first funnel. She had just joined twelve other liners which docked during one day last week in New York Harbour. Seven of the twelve are seen moored at their berths along the riverside. From left to right they are, the Cunard Line's *Britannic*, *Queen Mary* and *Mauretania*, the French Line's *Flandre*, the Greek Line's *Olympia;* the S.S. *United States*, the world's fastest passenger ship, and another American vessel, S.S. *Independence*. It was believed that never before in the history of the harbour on the Hudson River had so many liners docked in one day.

A HARBOUR RECORD AND A MAIDEN VOYAGE

A TRAFFIC JAM CAUSED BY LINERS: Traffic is halted in New York's West 48th Street because of the number of vehicles coming to meet the 9,300 passengers disembarking from twelve liners which all docked in one day in the harbour.

A NEW FERRY SHIP: The M.S. *Bardic Ferry* sails on her maiden voyage from Preston, in Lancashire, across the Irish Sea to Larne, in Northern Ireland. She is a new type of vessel for transporting motor vehicles across the Irish Sea. The 2,700-ton ship can carry over eighty vehicles and has enough berths to accommodate about fifty passengers. Private cars and lorries can be driven aboard and driven off at the stern. The fare for vehicles ranges from about £7 for a small car to about £25 for a large lorry. The *Bardic Ferry* is diesel-driven and has a speed of 14 knots. She was built by William Denny and Brothers, of Dumbarton, at a cost of £800,000. Next spring she is due to be joined by a sister ship.

HARNESSING POWER

Irrigation in Israel; Hydro-electricity in Wales and in India; and a Cement Factory in Southern Rhodesia

AN IRRIGATION SYSTEM FOR ISRAEL: Labourers prepare the way for bull-dozers which will follow them in the construction of an irrigation canal which is part of the "Jordan Project," near Lake Huleh, in Northern Israel. When the project is completed it is hoped that the water dammed in the River Jordan will be sufficient to irrigate the whole of Israel. The project entails channelling the water into a huge reservoir in the Ben Netufa Valley. From there it will be pumped south-wards through a pressure pipe. It is estimated that the water supply of the nation will be doubled in two years as a result of the project. One of the great difficulties of the Israelis is that about half the nation's sources of water lie north of Haifa, while only one-third of her irrigable land lies in that sector of the country. The work now being done in the northern part of the canal includes the building of 27 miles of conduits, tunnelling for nearly five miles and laying down 50 miles of pressurised piping. When the dam is completed, 1,130,000,000 cub. ft. of water will be diverted each year from the Jordan.

On right—

THE BHAKRA DAM PROJECT: This dam, which is one of the key features of the Bhakra-Nangal hydro-electric and irri-gation schemes in the Indian foothills of the Himalaya, will be one of the highest in the world. It will be 1,700 ft. wide across its top and 5,000,000 cub. yards of liquid concrete will be used in its construction. The reservoir which it will contain will be about 56 miles long and 30,000 people will have to be evacuated from the 300 villages due to be submerged so that the project can be completed. Of the 300 engineers and 8,000 labourers at work on the dam, all, except the advisers, are Indian. Most of the cranes and constructional implements are American-built. When the Sutlej valley is flooded and the dam finished it will provide hydro-electric power for an area the size of Belgium.

BUILDING AN INDIAN DAM: Mobile cranes work from a bridge spanning the gorge of the Sutlej River in the Indian foothills of the Himalaya, 220 miles north of New Delhi. They are being used in the construction of the 740-ft.-high Bhakra Dam, which will cost in the neighbourhood of £37,000,000 to build. It is one of the key projects in the Bhakra-Nangal hydro-electric and irrigation scheme.

A "PUMPED STORAGE" HYDRO-ELECTRIC PROJECT IN WALES: Lorries drive down winding rural roads in a bleak area of Merionethshire, North Wales. They are being used to bring construction materials to the site of a reservoir near Blaenau Ffestiniog. The reservoir will be in the valley seen in the picture. It will be the lower one of two in the pumped storage project which is being carried out there. The project will use the lake of Llyn Stwlan as an upper reservoir. The essential feature of pumped storage is that during peak hours, when electricity is most used, water flows from the upper to the lower reservoir, thus generating hydro-electric power. During off-peak hours—in the night, for instance—the water from the lower reservoir is pumped back into the upper one. This will be the first project of its kind in Great Britain and when completed it is thought that it will be the largest in Europe. It is estimated that the annual output of the station will be 300,000,000 kilowatt hours. Three hundred megawatts will be available for four hours each day. The capital cost of the station will be about £17,000,000. Running costs should be relatively cheap because it will need little maintenance and few staff. The electrical power which will be used to pump the water back from the lower reservoir to the upper one would otherwise go to waste. This will be particularly significant when nuclear power is developed, since nuclear power stations have to be run at full pressure once they have started generating electricity. There has been a proposal that one of these stations should be built in Trawsfynydd, which is quite close to Blaenau Ffestiniog. That station, if it is built, would supply the power to pump the water back during off-peak hours. However, whether the nuclear power station is built or not, the hydro-electric power from the Blaenau Ffestiniog station will be available to meet peak demands in the industrial areas of North Wales, Merseyside and other parts of Lancashire.

A CEMENT FACTORY IN SOUTHERN RHODESIA: Smoke billows across the African landscape as the work of building the factory proceeds at Manresa, near Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. It is estimated that construction costs will be £2,000,000. When completed it should produce 130,000 tons of cement each year. The factory recently reached the initial production stage but will not be in full use for some time.

On left—

A HIGHLY-MECHANISED AFRICAN FACTORY: The new cement factory under construction in Manresa, near Salisbury, in Southern Rhodesia, is being built for the Salisbury Portland Cement Company with a view to producing about 130,000 tons of cement annually. The factory, which is one of the most modern of its kind in Africa, is designed to have a high degree of automation.

WORK CONTINUES ON THE GREAT WEST ROAD: The view shows a section of the road where it runs behind St. Paul's School, Hammersmith. Traffic is using a stretch of one carriageway but, as can be seen, it is diverted at this point in the direction of the bottleneck at Great Church Lane and Hammersmith Broadway.

PROGRESS ON THE GREAT WEST ROAD

Work is in Hand to Bypass Some of the Narrow Streets in West London

The Great West Road, which links London with Bristol and Bath, is gradually moving into the middle of the metropolitan area of London in a large project to bypass some of the numerous narrow streets between Kensington and Chiswick. Congestion in the West of London has been one of the main metropolitan traffic problems for a number of years. For some time now, work has been in progress on the demolition of a great number of houses to make way for the new highway. At the roundabout at Chiswick, buildings have been pulled down to give place to a large highway intersection which will include a fly-over road. Already a network of steel frames for the reinforced concrete supports of the fly-over is in position.

The Britannia public house at Hammersmith has been demolished and its premises have been transferred to a new building of the same name erected a short distance away. Another tavern at Hammersmith, the Six Bells, is shortly due for demolition. Its disappearance will see the end of a famous local landmark. The new highway for traffic to the West of London will do much to relieve the narrow, heavily-congested roads in that area. It will benefit both road-users and pedestrians.

LOOKING AT A SECTION OF THE NEW ROAD: It can be seen in the left of the picture as it runs through a densely populated area in West London. The road leading down to the row of houses in the background is Rednall Terrace. A number of houses have been demolished to make way for the new road, which will relieve the traffic congestion.

THE END OF A FAMOUS LANDMARK: Standing on a triangle in the middle of the road at Hammersmith is the Six Bells public house. It is a famous local landmark but will be demolished because it stands right in the path of the new highway.

AN EARLY STAGE IN THE PREPARATIONS: Pipes, joined together to form a continuous line, are laid in the undersurface of the new road, now under construction. At this point it runs alongside the road at present used to link the West with central London.

A 17-ACRE FLOOD CAUSED BY AN OIL GUSHER IN WEST GERMANY : The oil has formed a lake over a wide area of the country at Osterwald, in the Ems district of Lower Saxony. A drilling was being made by prospectors when they came upon oil before they expected to find it. The result was a gusher or geyser which shot high into the air and spouted at the rate of 100 tons a day for nine days. In some places the flood of oil on field and pasture reached a depth of nearly 7 ft.

A "LAKE OF OIL"

The Inundation by a Gusher in Germany which Spouted for Nine Days

The inundation in Lower Saxony was very rare, if not unique, in Western Europe. It was known that here was oil below the ground, but in this particular area at Osterwald the prospecting party did not expect to find it as soon as they did, or in such large quantities. Therefore they were caught unprepared when suddenly a gusher shot high into the air and began pouring its valuable contents over the surrounding country. The spouting continued for nine days and by the time it subsided a lake 17 acres in area had been formed, having a depth of 7 ft. at certain points. A bore was sunk and plugged to prevent a repetition of this most unusual flood, but it is planned eventually to tap the oil below ground and bring it up by the usual controlled methods. Meanwhile farmers waited to see what effect this strange lake would have had upon their land when its oil had seeped into the ground.

STOPPING THE LEAK: On an emergency platform workers prepare to make a drilling which was to be plugged after the gusher had ceased to pour out its oil.

THE EMERGENCY BORE IS PLACED IN POSITION: Immediately it would make the drilling to be plugged. But later it was hoped to reopen the working and bring up the oil below ground by proper means. Little could be done about the oil lake except wait for it to subside into the ground.

REFLECTIONS IN A MOST UNUSUAL INUNDATION: An oil worker walks along a causeway between two parts of the lake formed by the gusher at Osterwald. The man and the steel derrick behind him are reflected in the oil.

The Sphere of Travel

THE LAKES OF EUROPE

Some Reflections on Their Varied Attractions

By GORDON COOPER

A HOLIDAY beside a lake provides perhaps the ideal form of relaxation, especially when there are fine mountains in the background to which one can raise the eyes. But, for myself, I do not want a lake where I am to stay hemmed in by steep mountains, for they give me a kind of claustrophobia. At the same time I feel quite happy paying them a short visit, while preferring a greater spaciousness for more permanent satisfaction. And what a wealth of lakes there is in Europe from which to choose. Finland, for instance, claims to have at least 80,000 lakes, and this number excludes mere ponds—stretches of water which measure 200 to 300 yards across. In contrast, Portugal, Spain, Belgium, Luxembourg and Holland have few, if any, lakes that can offer outstanding scenery. In this article, therefore, I will confine my remarks to those inland waters in the other countries of Western Europe which I like the best. Quite naturally, of course, many readers may have different views on the subject.

Granted then that one's perfect lake is an individual choice, I would say that my own first selection would be Lake Pielinen, in Finland. It lies in a magnificent setting, the whole of its western shore being hemmed in by a high chain of hills. On the highest of these, Koli Hill, there is a comfortable Tourist Inn from which one gets a glorious view on all sides and even beyond the U.S.S.R. frontier. At the foot of the hill, Lake Pielinen—covered with innumerable islands—extends as far as the eye can see. To the north and south the view is of peaks and forest-covered hills, while to the west the waters of Lake Höytiäinen and of many other small lakes gleam among the trees.

Nostalgically, I think of late summer evenings at Koli, when the sun is behind the trees, but not yet below the horizon. During this brief, magical period a bluish-grey glimmer rises from the waters of the lake below, instilling the islands and the trees with a soft glow. The lake is velvety, perfectly still, reflecting the small, white clouds above and the ramrod-like golden firs on the stony shore. Perhaps a fisherman poises his oars and small drops of water drip from the blades, making round, receding rings on the surface, which is slowly taking on a hue of burnished silver. Then a lone bird may be flying slowly across the lake and in the distance there will be a nightingale trilling its coloratura. The water, too, reflects the brown, rough timbers of a bath-house with a column of smoke rising vertically from the chimney and steam slowly spiralling from the door, that is left ajar. Somewhere, a cow bell tinkles. Altogether, for me, this serene beauty is quite unmatched.

In different mood, there are the Lapland lakes of northern Finland which are bordered by melancholy moors and fells, with struggling, knotty pines striving to gain sustenance from the watery-rocky soil, and with tufts of hardy, dry grass growing in patches on the shore. In the distance smoke rises from a Lapp hut, or sometimes from a lumbermen's camp. The rivers are swift and foaming. All around is virgin land, far, far away from the worries of civilisation. For those who like this form of escapism, I can recommend the tourist inns at Kilpisjärvi Lake (where the frontiers of Finland, Sweden and Norway meet in Alpine surroundings) and at Ivalo, not far from Lake Inarijärvi.

There are lakes in Norway which have a similar "out-of-this-world" appeal. I think, for instance, of Lake Bandak, in the Telemark. This lake is a mere slit of turquoise between the savage hills that shoot up like rockets on both sides. Here is Dalen, a village for relaxation in a perfect setting. Then, not so far distant to the north, there is the small hamlet of Rauland, with its lake set amid magnificent surroundings. I came on this delightful spot by chance. I caught the wrong bus—but I was well rewarded. Several of my lake discoveries have, in fact, been quite unexpected, but this is indeed one of the joyous rewards of travel.

In Sweden I give first place to Lake Siljan, the "Blue Eye of Dalarna." This is the costume district of Sweden, as well as being the early Vasa country, adding a touch of historical spice to the general flavour. Leksand, at the south end of the lake, Rättvik, on the eastern shore, and Mora, at the north end, are the three chief tourist centres. Rättvik is my first recommendation.

The Bavarian Alps form the outstanding district of Germany's lakeland. The most enchanting of its lakes is certainly the Königsee (three miles from Berchtesgaden). Fed by melted snow and mountain glaciers, the emerald-green, crystal-clear waters are surrounded by some of the steepest mountains; but I would not care to stay there for more than a few hours, for to this spot come coach-loads of excursionists in their thousands. My own preference for a holiday lake is the Schliersee, with its pleasant resort of the same name. There is a delightful hotel situated on the wooded mountainside. From the terrace of this hotel there are satisfying views, while in its rear there are many easy walks through the forest.

Much less spectacular is the Chiemsee, yet it offers an insidious appeal to those who prefer spaciousness, for the varied outline of the Bavarian Alps stands out as a southern background some miles distant. Here I would stay on a small island, Fraueninsel, which is easily reached from Prien on the lakeside. For many generations this idyllic spot has been the residence of painters. Then, close by, is another island, Herreninsel, where there stands the Schloss Herrenchiemsee, the most magnificent of the palaces built by King Ludwig II.

Across the frontier, in Austria, there are perhaps more beautiful lakes than in any other country of Europe. Two of the finest, as far as the scenery is concerned, are the Traunsee and the Hallstättersee, in the Salzkammergut. Beside the former, the romantic little village of Traunkirchen is where I suggest you lodge, for the view from it is sheer perfection. For the latter lake there is the small resort of Hallstatt, which lies pinched in between the mountainside and the lake. In consequence the houses are built in terraces, one above the other.

But the outstanding gems of all Austrian lakes, in my opinion, are the little Toplitzsee and its near neighbour, the minute Kammersee. Set amid wild and very lovely scenery in the South Salzkammergut, they still remain quite unspoilt. There is not even a path round the former, so to reach the Kammersee which lies beyond, at the foot of the mighty Weisse Wand, you must take a rowing boat. Alt-Aussee and Grundlsee are two pleasant resorts within easy reach.

When speaking of Austrian lakes I must not, however, omit a mention of those in Carinthia, especially my own particular favourite, the Woerthersee. Like most of the other lakes in this province, its waters are remarkably warm and I have bathed there comfortably in October. While I prefer Poertschach as a resort, there is not really much to choose between it and Velden, except that the latter has a casino and is more fashionable.

Mountains and lakes are synonymous terms for describing the scenery of Switzerland. But although Lake Lucerne and Lake Lugano are the two leading favourites with tourists, I prefer for myself the more peaceful beauty of Lake Léman. Here the eye is rested, rather than distracted. From the Swiss bank—more especially in the neighbourhood of Lausanne—there is a magnificent background across the water afforded by the Savoy Alps. It is small wonder that in the eighteenth century this corner of Switzerland found favour as a residence with Mme. de Staël at Coppet, Voltaire at Ferney, Gibbon at Lausanne, not to speak of Rousseau. For a time it was, indeed, a real centre of European letters.

For France, Lake Annecy is undoubtedly the gem of the country as far as scenic beauty is concerned. Its lake-side town of Annecy is also distinctive and interesting. It is a city of shadowy arcades, of tree-shaded canals, of an old cathedral and an older château. In short, it is a venerable, charming city in which to stroll with delight. Then, also on the lakeside, there is the little resort of Talloires, notable for its amazing gastronomic restaurants. For its size, there is nothing else in France to equal its display. This year's *Michelin Guide*, for instance, awards the *Auberge du Père Bise* its rare three stars, *Le Cottage* two stars, and both *Abbaye* and *Garçon* a single star each. Incidentally, for those who dislike noise, all four establishments get a Michelin "canary" (quiet site), as well as offering a beautiful view over the lake.

For most people the "Italian Lakes" means Maggiore, Como, and Garda. Certainly, there are few lovelier spots on earth. Nor can I ever quite make up my mind which I like the best. I was very happy, however, when I recently stayed in Baveno, which is a less noisy resort than nearby Stresa. The view across the waters of the lake, with a distant mountain background, is superb.

Among the lesser-known lakes of Italy, I think of tranquil Trasimeno, where on one of its islands St. Francis

FAR AWAY FROM THE WORRIES OF CIVILISATION: Two holidaymakers in Finland pause in their climb near the top of a rocky slope to admire the magnificent view stretching across the Lapland lake of Kilpisjärvi, in the northern part of Finland. Near this lake the frontiers of Finland, Sweden and Norway meet in Alpine surroundings.

RECOMMENDED HOTELS

FINLAND
Tourist Inns at Koli and Ivalo.

NORWAY
Dalen Hotel, Dalen: Rauland Mountain Hotel, Rauland.

SWEDEN
Siljanborg Hotel, Rättvik.

GERMANY
Schliersbergholm Hotel, Schliersee.

AUSTRIA
Am Stein, Traunkirchen: Grüner Baum, Hallstatt: Prüller, Poertschach: Schloss Velden, Velden.

SWITZERLAND
Beau Rivage, Lausanne.

FRANCE
Imperial Palace, Annecy.

ITALY
Bellevue, Baveno: Del Lago, Scanno.

YUGOSLAVIA
Toplice, Bled: Hotel pod Voglom, Bohinj.

USEFUL ADDRESSES

Austrian State Tourist Department, 219, *Regent Street, W.*1.
Finnish Tourist Association, Mikonkatu, 15, *Helsinki.*
French Government Tourist Office, 178, *Piccadilly, W.*1.
German Tourist Information Office, 6, *Vigo Street, W.*1.
Italian State Tourist Office, 201, *Regent Street, W.*1.
Norway Travel Association, 20, *Pall Mall, S.W.*1.
Swedish Travel Association, 7, *Conduit Street, W.*1.
Swiss National Tourist Office, 458, *Strand, W.C.*2.
Yugoslav National Tourist Office, 143, *Regent Street, W.*1.

ONE OF IE MOST BEAUTIFUL LAKES IN THE WORLD : The peaceful Lake of Como, in Northern Italy, is an Italian beauty spot which has been particularly popular with gen ations of British tourists. The lake is sheltered by towering mountains and hills which surround it. In the north, some of the mountains range from 2,000 ft. to 8,500 ft. Its shores are studded with villages and villas, and the various beauties have been praised by innumerable poets, from Virgil onwards. The lake is formed by three long, narrow arms which meet at Bellágio, one stretching south-west to Como, another south-east to Lecco and the third to the north to Cólico. Its total length is 31 miles from Como to Gera, and its greatest depth is 1,345 ft. at a point off Argegno. Lake Como is situated in a mild climate, being 652 ft. above sea-level.

used to retire for meditation. This same island (Isola Maggior still offers possibilities for a peaceful holiday, for it ha a couple of small, simple hotels. Another off-the-beate track lake is that of Scanno, in the Abruzzi. Its lakes e resort (Scanno) is famous for the costumes worn by s women on Sundays and on the occasion of festivals. It is also not far from the National Park of the Abruzzi, where there is an interesting fauna and a rich and varied flora.

My final mention will be of two adjoining lakes in Slovenia: Bled and Bohinj. The former mountain lake is the best known, with an islet, crowned by a white-towered church, in the centre. A fourteenth-century castle stands on a bluff overlooking the lake, which is encircled by dark forests of pine and spruce, with the peaks of the Karavanken and Julian Alps, snow-capped until early summer, forming an impressive background. Most of the hotels are found in the town of Bled itself, at the eastern end of the lake. It is a good centre for walks and excursions.

Bohinj, a larger lake, is perhaps more beautiful. Its surroundings are grander and more rugged, its atmosphere simpler. The mountains of the Julian Alps enclose it on three sides. There are several hotels dotted around the lake, but as the district is now a national park the erection of further buildings is forbidden. All around there are opportunities for magnificent mountain walks, as rewarding as any in Europe, while the fishing is first-class. I believe, indeed, that Bohinj competes in my own list of preferences with Lake Pielinen, in Finland, for first place.

AN ITALIAN ART TOWN

There are some little-known art towns in Italy which deserve to be better known. Lucca is one of them. This almost forgotten oasis in Northern Tuscany is only 12 miles from Pisa and 50 miles from Florence. (Both have good connections.) Protected by medieval walls, it has preserved intact its ancient atmosphere. Its towers and fine buildings alternate with the gardens of convents and silent squares dominated by the austere white façades of Romanesque churches. Priceless art treasures are preserved in the town, including the tomb of Ilaria del Carretto which is the masterpiece by Jacobo della Quercia.

In the environs of Lucca there are splendid eighteenth-century villas surrounded by magnificent parks. A short distance away there stretches the well-known Riviera of Versilia on the Tyrrhenian Sea, with such famous resorts as Viareggio, Forte dei Marmi and Lido di Camaiore. Then the Apuan Alps and Tuscan-Emilian Apennines are ideal for excursions and mountaineering. The Hotel Universo (without restaurant) in Lucca can be recommended. Further information from the Ente Turismo, Lucca.

LAKESIDE BEAUTY IN FRANCE : Lake Annecy, in the Haute-Savoie, has a historic town of the same name and the charming resort of Talloires, famous for its gastronomy.

TOPICAL NOTES

REDUCED air fares are available for families travelling to the West Indies between November 1, 1957, and March 31, 1958. Don't let the word "family" put you off, for according to the air companies' definition it need only consist of man and wife. A fifteen-day holiday in Nassau this winter would cost somewhere between 300 and 363 guineas if you went on your own, but if a family of three went it would only cost between 271 to 311 guineas.

Perhaps instead of going west you prefer to go east. Turkey is very interested in welcoming British visitors this winter. A fortnight in Istanbul would make a delightful change, but unfortunately hotel prices are not cheap. The cost of such a holiday, including travel by tourist air service, would be about £180.

It should be noted, by the way, that on and after October 6, 1957, the Waterloo Air Terminal will be closed and the new Air Terminal in Cromwell Road, Kensington, will be open. This will not be as convenient for many people as Waterloo, for only one bus passes the Terminus and the nearest Underground station is a quarter of a mile away.

W. D. C. C.

A VENETIAN PARTY

Elsa Maxwell, the Famed American Hostess, Entertains Her Friends

The fashionable Danieli Hotel in Venice, Italy, was the scene of much gaiety one night recently when the celebrated hostess and columnist, Elsa Maxwell, took over part of the main building and gave another of the lavish parties for which she is renowned. On this occasion the event took the form of a fancy dress ball and it is claimed to have been the highlight of the holiday season in Italy. Over 160 people were present and these included many leading personalities in society and from the world of entertainment. The party was given by Miss Maxwell in honour of Maria Meneghini Callas, the Italian opera singer, who had been appearing with La Piccola Scala of Milan at the Edinburgh Festival. At the request of Miss Maxwell, the majority of the ladies invited to the ball arrived wearing ornate fancy-dress masks. Some of these were very original in design. Miss Maxwell herself wore a hat which she claimed was an original fourteenth-century beret. The festivities, continued well into the early hours.

IN A GAY MOOD: Balloons are scattered among some of the guests who attended the gala fancy dress ball given by Elsa Maxwell, at the Danieli Hotel, in Venice. Miss Maxwell gave the party in honour of the Italian singer Maria Meneghini Callas.

On left—

ELSA MAXWELL PRESIDES AT DINNER: Merle Oberon, the British film actress, leans over the shoulder of her hostess, Elsa Maxwell, during the dinner which preceded the fancy-dress ball. Miss Maxwell is wearing a hat which she claimed was an original fourteenth century beret

THE HOSTESS ENTERTAINS HER GUEST OF HONOUR: Accompanied by members of the hotel orchestra, Elsa Maxwell plays the piano during an interval at the party while her guest of honour, Maria Meneghini Callas, listens.

THE WHITE CAT: The seventeen-year-old Princess Virginia Ira Von Fürstenberg (left) admires the cat-like mask which was worn by the Italian Princess Ruspoli Domitilla at the gala fancy-dress ball in Venice. There were over 160 guests and, at the request of their hostess, the majority of the ladies arrived wearing fancy-dress masks. Some of these were the handiwork of the wearers.

PARTY HEAD-DRESSES: Henry Fonda, the actor, is accompanied by his wife, the former Baroness Franchetti (centre), who is wearing a "hat" of leaves to which are attached plastic butterflies and an imitation bird. On the right is Countess Crespi, also wearing a flamboyant creation.

THE OPENING OF BURNHAM WEEK: With flags fluttering from the masts of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, crowds of spectators gather on the balconies to watch the opening of the yachting week at Burnham-on-Crouch, in Essex. The various types of dinghies taking part in the first day's events are about to take to the water in readiness for the racing. Overcast skies and a fresh south-westerly wind greeted the opening of the regatta, which has attracted a total of over 300 craft. This important East Coast sailing event traditionally marks the end of the regatta season. Throughout the week the small town of Burnham-on-Crouch—the home of yachting for many years—has been filled with sailing enthusiasts. The regatta was marred by tragedy when a hand in one of the yachts was swept overboard and drowned. The second day's racing was cancelled.

YACHT WEEK AT BURNHAM

The East Coast's Biggest Sailing Regatta Attracted 300 Craft.

OWING THEIR OWN CRAFT HOME: Bowfly is being taken in tow by her owner, Mr. R. H. Webster, after she developed rudder and boom trouble during the race for dinghies of the Hornet class at Burnham-on-Crouch.

A CONFERENCE BEFORE SAILING: Taking part in a discussion before racing are, from left to right, Mr. C. W. Sanderson, Mr. Clyde Cooper and Miss S. Mathias.

OFF TO A FINE START: The race for Brightlingsea One Design class craft. From left to right are Mr. M. Wild's *Mike*, which won the race; Mrs. N. Matham's *Lynette* and Mr. R. White's *White Magic*.

RACING THROUGH WIND AND SPRAY: Some of the competitors sail their craft in the B.1 class handicap event on the opening day of Burnham Week on the River Crouch. They are, from left to right, Mr. A. W. Pipe's *Alexander*, Mr. J. W. Noel-Gordon's *Martha McGilda* and Mr. M. Y. L. Hall's *Lothian*.

The World of Books

COUNSEL'S OPINION

The Reminiscences of G. D. Roberts, Q.C.; Treachery and Travel; Wild and Domestic Animals; Fiction of Varying Moods

FIRST of the week's biographies is his own life story by Mr. G. D. Roberts, Q.C.; a friendly, unaffected, modest book by a man of law, with very little of legal matters in its pages. To his friends the author is known as "Khaki" Roberts and one of these friends, Sir Alan Herbert (known to his friends as A. P. H.), has written in his foreword to WITHOUT MY WIG (Macmillan. 25s.) of that "benevolent and brilliant giant." Mr. Roberts does indeed fit that description. He is, at the present time, a pretty big chap and was already fairly hefty when he played rugger for the Harlequins nearly fifty years ago. His career in the law has been distinguished and he was a prominent member of the British legal executive in the Nuremberg war trials. Now that he is writing his reminiscences, illustrated with a few photographs and an admirable sketch portrait by Dame Laura Knight, Mr. Roberts reveals himself, not as a born writer, but as a man with the kind of brains, toughness and integrity that one would always pray for in a counsel.

A series of odd happenings during the war, not comparable with the deeds of the German war criminals who were on trial at Nuremberg but still startling, originated with a young Frenchwoman who did some brilliant espionage work for the British in 1940 and 1941 and was known as "The Cat." She was suspected of transmitting German top secrets to the Foreign Office in London and interrogated, in Paris, by one Bleicher of the Nazi counter-espionage. Arrested one November day, she was dining with Bleicher the following evening at the most expensive restaurant in Paris and the following night went to live with him at his flat, being directly responsible for the arrest of 130 members of her former resistance network. After the war she was sentenced by the French to life imprisonment but has since been freed. THE CAT (MacGibbon and Kee. 18s.) is her story as told by Count Michael Soltikov and translated from the German by Mr. Mervyn Savill.

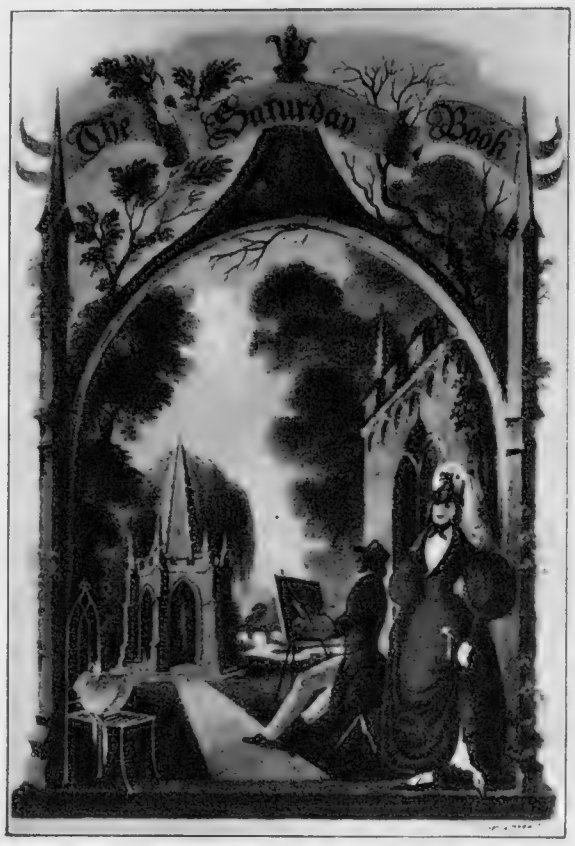
To turn away from wars, cruelty and treachery, there is a new, refreshing and amusing travel book by Miss Emily Kimbrough, who was part author of *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay*. She has conveyed exactly that spirit of insouciance in her new book, WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE (Heinemann. 21s.), which is her account of a trip to Greece, Yugoslavia and finally London. It seems that American ladies often prefer to travel in groups or batches and so Miss Kimbrough, though demonstrably a perfectly intrepid traveller, invited three of her friends to join her which, one gathers, they did with alacrity. Their adventures, some enviable, some near-disastrous and all of them high-spirited, are described with animation, humour and with an eye for historic detail.

The Wavy Navy is celebrated both historically and anecdotally by Mr. J. Lennox Kerr and Mr. Wilfred Granville in THE R.N.V.R. (Harrap. 21s.), a record of the achievement of this magnificent branch of the senior service, from its formation in 1903, when it met with a good deal of ridicule, to the present day, when hardly the most shell-backed of sailors would deny either its importance in the scheme of naval things or its gallant past. This, emphatically, is a book to keep both for reference and as a reminder of the splendid improvisations and the courageous actions with which the R.N.V.R. has been identified.

The next two books are, in very different senses, animal books. ONE-MAN SAFARI (Herbert Jenkins. 21s.) is by the German big-game hunter, Hans-Otto Meissner, and has been translated by Mr. Robert Noble. Herr Meissner's most recent sphere of action was French Equatorial Africa, where he travelled alone except for his native servants and bearers and apparently was popular with them as a purveyor of elephant meat. He also put paid to the lives of a lion, a hippo, two buffaloes and a rogue gorilla, besides the four elephants, and even bagged a bongo, the improbable name of a very shy antelope. Not consistently exciting but probably of considerable competitive interest to other big-game hunters.

A BOOK OF BIRDS AND BEASTS (Methuen. 30s.), by Miss Dorothy Margaret Stuart, is a charming and erudite volume which is neither a scrapbook nor an anthology but something of both for it contains stories, poems and pictures relating to birds, dogs and horses in literature, legend and fact. The last and appropriately the noblest of the descriptions belongs to Copenhagen, the horse ridden by Wellington at Waterloo, who was both brave and a fine "lepper" and spent an honourable old age at Stratfield Saye. Miss Stuart hints at a further book all about cats as a companion piece but for my part I am more than satisfied with her present and most charming production.

THE MESSAGE OF THE SCROLLS (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s.) has been written by General Yigael Yadin, lecturer in archæology at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, which now owns seven of the scrolls. The author, as his military title indicates, has been a man of action in other than the academic world and, at the age of thirty-one, was Chief of Staff of the Israeli Defence forces, or Haganah. Here he tells the story, first of the discovery of the scrolls in 1947 and second, of their significance in Jewish history or, indeed, to anyone with an interest in the Bible. Lucid and authoritative, if occasionally rather heavy going.



"THE SATURDAY BOOK 17": The book jacket is by Philip Gough. *The Saturday Book*, which has long been established as a classic of its kind, has been edited by John Hadfield since 1952 and the new addition to the series is published by Hutchinson at 30s. As usual, there is a splendid variety of contents by distinguished contributors—poems, personal pages, flower-pieces, picturesque tours, Album of the arts, curiosities, and much else beside, to give pleasurable reading. The artists who delight the eye include Osbert Lancaster, Ronald Searle and Robert Gibbings.

The four first novels of this week's choosing illustrate as many aspects of life, as seen by four English novelists. Mr. John Moore writes about Herefordshire, just over the Malvern Hills from the countryside of which he has so often and so evocatively written. SEPTEMBER MOON (Collins. 15s.) is the story of a rural love-affair, gently and humorously told, but it is also and more essentially the story of the hopyards and the yearly influx of pickers, of the itinerant gipsies and the yeomen farmers and of all the people whose idiosyncrasies go to make up farm and village life. A slow and satisfying book.

THE LION'S LEAP (Cassell. 15s.) belongs to the post-war rather than the traditional England, and Mr. John Masters has been at pains to convey the restlessness of the business tycoons and the political opportunists who substitute prodigious and constant travel for more useful forms of action. Rather too wordy and name-studded, but an honest attempt to show a specious side of contemporary life.

Mr. John Pudney has written of the Mediterranean, as seen from Monte Carlo and San Remo, and of the Ægean, as seen from a Greek island, in TRESPASS IN THE SUN (Michael Joseph. 15s.) and has brought to his story a poet's respect for language and a competent novelist's regard for construction. I found his characters stiff and a little unlikely but there is no doubt of his mastery of words and his graceful ability to draw a scene.

A BATON FOR THE CONDUCTOR (Faber. 13s. 6d.) is a more light-hearted affair by T. L. W. Hubbard and has an involved but orderly plot which concerns a psychiatrist whose Oxford career netted him a double First and three half-Blues and who has a regrettable *penchant* for practical jokes; a patient whose pet obsession is driving his wife quietly out of her mind; an orchestral conductor who hates being photographed and a lady interested in madrigals. There is also a trip to Central Europe, a slightly mischievous hoax and a fairly successful cure in the course of an amusing and practically effervescent novel.

And so to a trio of novels which take the reader much farther afield, beginning with Mr. Wilson MacArthur's THE ROAD FROM CHILANGA (Jarrolds. 12s. 6d.), a tale of modern Rhodesia and of some of the problems of its settlers. It is easy to detect that the author knows the country of which he writes both well and sympathetically and his book is, apart from other merits of plot and characterisation, a pleasant introduction to a wonderful but unpredictable country.

DON CAMILLO AND THE DEVIL (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.), by Signor Giovanni Guareschi, is The Mixture As Before in so far as it is about the fiery parish priest and the Communist mayor, his hereditary enemy, with whom he invariably unites when any disaster threatens their Italian village. The stories of their exploits, however, are perfectly fresh though it is no new thing to observe that they are ingenious, funny and yet, in the case of Don Camillo, reverent in his very individual way.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER (Collins. 15s.) is by the Finnish writer, Vaino Linna, and is a story of the short but heroic war that Finland waged against Russia at the beginning of the last world conflict. Told from the point of view of a rank-and-file soldier, this has sincerity, pathos and the hallmark of true experience.

Vernon Fane

ROYAL LOVERS

Napoleon III and his Mistress

The birth of a girl in Brighton in 1823 was to have far-reaching consequences for France in the middle of the century, for the child grew up to become known as Harriet Howard, the mistress of Napoleon III. Without her financial help—she lent him the huge sum of 5,000,000 gold francs—Napoleon would probably not have been able to obtain election as President, the essential step towards his eventual assumption of the Imperial crown. As is the case with so many Royal lovers, the story ended in tragedy, at any rate for Miss Howard. She genuinely loved Napoleon but he, secure in his power, rejected her and married Eugénie. There were many sordid wrangles about the repayment of the loan and in later life the figure who had once dazzled London and Paris with her beauty, lived as a recluse in a French château. This is the kind of material which, in sentimental hands, can be treated as popular romance. Fortunately there is no danger of this in MISS HOWARD AND THE EMPEROR (Cassell. 18s.). The author is Simone André Maurois and she has the same astringent approach as her eminent husband. At times the logic is perhaps a little too Gallic. For instance Kinglake may have been frustrated in his amorous designs on Harriet in the 1840's, but many people, who have never heard of her, are prepared to agree with his later published critical estimate of Napoleon's character, regarding it as drawn from facts and not from vengeful fancy. But the book is a piece of important original research and is very well done.

A few years ago James A. Michener wrote *Sayonara*, that story of the American occupation of Japan which is one of the really memorable post-war novels. Perhaps, very wisely, he is resting on his laurels as regards fiction and has turned to history. In collaboration with A. Grove Day he has written RASCALS IN PARADISE—*True Tales of High Adventure in the South Pacific* (Secker and Warburg. 25s.). They have assembled an astonishing collection of men, and one woman, who set out in past ages to find fame and fortune in the regions of that ocean. This is another piece of scholarly, well-documented and readable research.

The publishers make an ambitious claim for THE QUEST FOR AFRICA—*Two Thousand Years of Exploration*, by Heinrich Schiffers (Odhams. 25s.). We are told that "the ordinary reader will enjoy it as a first-rate adventure story while students of history will find it essential reading." Students are surely entitled to be informed of the sources of information used by Dr. Schiffers, who is a German teacher of geography. For instance, Fashoda is presented in the form of melodramatic dialogue between Kitchener and Marchand. But there is no indication on what authorities this reconstruction is based. It certainly varies from the description in *Arthur* (still the standard and best biography of K. of K.), and to allege that Fashoda cleared the way for the Entente Cordiale is historically nonsense. This is an unsatisfactory book and the style is ponderous.

The appeal of KENYA DIARY, 1902-1906, by Colonel R. Meinertzhagen (Oliver and Boyd. 30s.), will be mainly to the older generation, especially if they knew Central Africa before the First World War. The book consists of the day-to-day account of the life of a young

STARTING THE WELFARE STATE

LLOYD GEORGE'S AMBULANCE WAGON, edited by Sir H. Bunbury and Professor Titmuss (Methuen. 30s.), does not satisfy Lord David Cecil's generality that Literature's main object is to please. It contains a foreword, a biographical note, an introduction, a commentary and a blue-pencilled memoir by a civil servant who was a chief architect of the foundations of the Welfare State, Lloyd George's National Health Insurance Act of 1912. The memoir itself has a double purpose. It is an inside account of the birth pangs of that great measure and a strong and bitter apologia by its chief pilot who was "dropped" unrewarded when his work was done. No doubt all the contributions of the editors were a necessary part of the explication of a very abstruse piece of legislation and much of the memoir is made up of the stuff of blue-books. In so far as it is a revelation of gross injustice and ingratitude to Braithwaite, the blue-pencillings strike one as unnecessary. Knighthoods are cheap and always have been. One more gracefully and very worthily bestowed might have saved the washing of a lot of dirty linen in public. The sorry story of civil service jealousies and of Lloyd George's alternate fire and laziness, cynicism, opportunism, ignorance and shrewd intuition, can be read between the dots.

The extraordinary figure of Sir Robert Morant, who was put in charge of the Bill, and never concealed his disbelief in its success, is clearly revealed as the mad bull in the civil service china shop in his time; and the hardly less enigmatic, Bradbury, and the minor Liberal politician, Masterman, play their parts in a depressing comedy of jealousies and quarrels, compromise and subservience. In the end a measure got on to the Statute Book, hardly recognisable with the dreams of Lloyd George, who never scratched the surface difficulties; but none the less it was a new departure of historic importance. As such, it gives this book its own importance for political students and the higher grades of the Civil Service. It is the joint work of lucid and able writers.

THE HISTORY OF "PUNCH"

This is an admirable, instructive, authoritative and amusing book. *Punch* has existed for 116 years and for most of them as a national institution, like our weather in which we take pride, while we grumble, or our Monarchy which easily weathers storms in a teacup or in a larger container. A British institution is naturally the subject of books on all its aspects and *Punch* is no exception. For most of its life, *Punch* has evolved slowly and gracefully to meet challenges and change. Only very lately has its evolution quickened pace, and I should have liked, among the admirable choice of illustrations and features, a few more of the 1950's for comparison with older tradition.

On every subject touched, R. G. G. Price in A HISTORY OF PUNCH (Collins. 30s.), writes with authority and lucidity. He is at his most entertaining in his masterly sidelights and thumbnails of the Editors from Lemon to Muggeridge and of some famous contributors with pen and pencil. Our world has turned upside down in these hundred years. Since the 1950's, at any rate, we may judge that *Punch* has done no less. I like to recall that in the reign of careful Seaman, I contributed an occasional number to this famous nursery of writers and artists which has recorded political and social history without tears and made history in journalism, embracing radicalism, liberalism, conservatism and socialism in turn, but always remaining a national newspaper.

Some examples of "unprintable" contributions sent in in "primmer" days are not to be scoffed at. Such "rare and curious" trifles were in Victorian cupboards, but in those days Father Convention kept the key. Human nature is static, fashions change; and *Punch* is our faithful courier and interpreter; but he is still our servant and will not tempt us further off the beaten track than we are prepared to go. At the moment, *Punch* and we are in adventurous mood. **John Gore**

officer, who was far above the average in his appreciation of people and events and who foresaw fifty years ago much of the shape of things to come in Africa.

THE WORLD OF THE SOIL, by Sir John Russell (Collins. 25s.), is the latest addition to the New Naturalist series. The author was formerly Director of the Rothamsted Experimental Station and it is certainly a "must" for any student of the subject. The general reader may find it rather heavy going but there could be few, if any, better expositors of the modern views on soil structure and the pictures and diagrams are a great help.

"I wasn't born a fool. It took work to get this way." Thus Danny Kaye once succinctly summarised his career as a professional buffoon. In THE DANNY KAYE SAGA (Robert Hale. 18s.) Kurt Singer shows how extraordinarily hard Mr. Kaye has had to toil in order to reach, very deservedly, the top of his profession. But the book is much more than a recital of an actor's progress. Mr. Kaye is in the tradition of many great clowns, warm-hearted and a great lover of children, and it is clear that his work for such organisations as the United Nations is undertaken not so much from sentimentality as from a profound humanitarian feeling.

THE OPENING OF A FOLK MUSEUM IN SCOTLAND

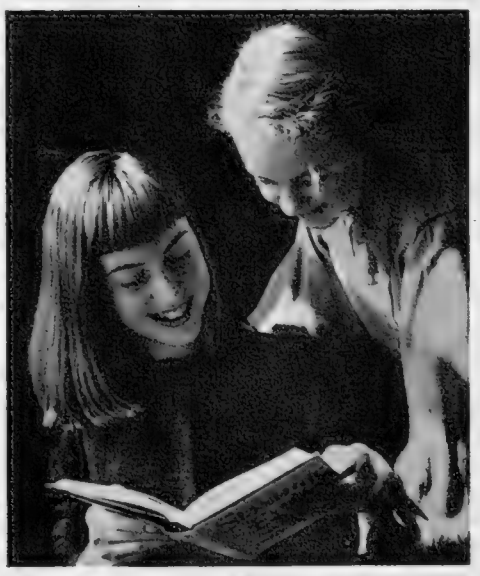
AN ACQUISITION FOR THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL TRUST: At the opening of the Angus Folk collection in Kirkwynd, Glamis, Scotland, Mr. A. McCraig is speaking at the table. On his left are the Countess of Airlie, Lady Elphinstone and Lady Maitland and, on his immediate right, Sir Ramsay Maitland. The collection consists of typical domestic and agricultural implements of the county of Angus for the past two centuries. Lady Maitland, who has given it to the National Trust for Scotland, personally collected the contents, which include spinning-wheels, wooden plates and bowls, ploughs, dairy utensils and lanterns. The Folk Museum is in a pretty row of cottages, which are typical of the architecture of the area.

THE ELIZABETHAN AGE RETURNS TO YORKSHIRE

THE NORTHERN CONSORT AT OAKWELL HALL, BIRSTALL: Seated round the table is the group of singers from Manchester. They are, from left, Leslie Auger, baritone; Edgar Parkinson, bass; Raymond Locke, tenor; Barbara Yates, soprano; Cynthia Scott, contralto; and the Director of the Northern Consort, Owen Wynne, counter-tenor. Dressed in Elizabethan costume, they are seen performing in the manor which was built in 1583. Batley Corporation has restored and furnished Oakwell Hall with the aim of making it resemble in all details a manor house of the sixteenth century. The programme of period songs was, therefore, given in appropriate surroundings.

On left—

A LITERARY PRODIGY



A FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD NOVELIST: Jane Gaskell (left) studies with her sister a copy of her first book, *Strange Evil*, which has recently been published by Messrs. Hutchinson. Jane, who is fifteen years old, is a great-great-great-niece of the famous Victorian novelist, Mrs. Gaskell. She was born in Lancaster, where her father was in the R.A.F. Her mother is an Australian by birth. *Strange Evil* is described as "a fantasy for adults, remarkable for its moral theme and set in a mysterious fairyland of the author's own creation."

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

THE SCIENTIST IN THE BOARDROOM

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

FEW people in management to-day remain complacent about the extent to which British industry makes use of science; fashionably but fortunately, this has become one of the anxieties of the age. Companies are spending much more on research than they did a few years ago, often trying to discover some magic "percentage of turnover" formula for this expenditure that should guarantee them a place in the forefront of technology. And they are careful to provide no grounds for the criticism often made of British companies in the past—that they ignored the good ideas put up to them by their research staffs, leaving these to be exploited abroad, particularly in the United States.

To-day, therefore, industry's demand for scientists is far higher than it was a few years ago. British education's "throughput" of scientific and technical graduates is compared unfavourably with the larger proportion America turns out and the myriads Russia is alleged to train. Any promising science or engineering student at a university nowadays is likely to have the offer of a dozen research jobs even before he takes his finals.

Scientists, however, young and old, are inclined to take the whole question a little farther than many industrial managers expect. Industry, they argue, needs science outside the laboratory as well as inside it, if it is to recognise and take full advantage of technical possibilities. What are the scientist's chances in business beyond the back room? Can he reach the "top"? How many firms, for example, think enough of science to have a scientist on the board?

These disconcerting questions—which managements may think unreasonable, but which are being asked more and more often—are not easy to answer. Almost certainly, the firms that do employ any directors with a science degree are in the minority; one recent survey suggested that only about one director out of thirty, in all industries, is a qualified scientist. Yet at the summit of British industry, in some of the country's most important firms, there are a handful of scientists whose names are famous. How is it that these scientists should have risen to the boards of these firms?

In this, as in so many other things, Imperial Chemical Industries is a special case in Britain. It is the biggest company inside the United Kingdom and has a scientist as its chairman. Fifteen out of the nineteen full-time directors on its staff are graduates in science or technology. As one of them has a habit of remarking "It is not altogether a disadvantage, inside this house, to know a little about chemistry." Sir Alexander Fleck, the quiet; sixty-seven-year-old Glaswegian, who has been its chairman since 1953, is a physical chemist who began as a laboratory boy at Glasgow University in the early years of this century.

Fleck's career exemplifies some of the choices that confront every scientist. He had a great future before him in "pure" radio-chemical research, but the First World War drew him into practical work in the chemical industry. And he stayed there. Industrial mergers in the '20's brought him into the I.C.I. group at its formation. His first great responsibility there was the extension and development of the Billingham works into the first of that combine's great complexes of chemical industry—since followed by Wilton, and to be repeated in the works I.C.I. is planning near the Severn.

The most prominent scientist in British industrial management, therefore, reached his commanding position from the production side, though one of his colleagues, Dr. Ronald Holroyd, who was recently appointed a deputy chairman of I.C.I., came up the ladder of the company's research activities. In I.C.I., the two are less insulated than in industries. The wealth of scientific and commercial experience on the group's board must offer a uniquely favourable opportunity for backing industrial winners from among research projects.

It is in similar "science-based" industries that one finds other scientifically-trained directors and top managers running the business; for example, Sir Harry Jephcott of Glaxo, and M. W. Perrin of Burroughs Wellcome, in the pharmaceuticals business. Some of these industries have developed so recently that the technologists who founded them are still at their head. This is true in several of the electronics companies. In the newest industry, nuclear energy, the position is reversed; Sir Edwin Plowden's mainly economic training singles him out from a galaxy of scientific and technical talent, headed by the three "atomic knights," Sir John Cockcroft, Sir William Penney and Sir Christopher Hinton. Sir Christopher, at the end of this year, will be moving to the head of the new Central Electricity Generation Board; in the electricity supply industry, once again, the specific electrical engineering qualification largely dominates in top management.

Outside these industries where recent technological advance is so important—one should include aircraft, where scientists of the calibre of such men as Sir Arnold Hall have been attracted from Government research into directorships—the scientist is a much less frequent inhabitant of the boardroom. When a scientist is there, he is likely to have been specifically chosen as the company's research chief. This, to the outsider, seems logical enough; to the scientists who are increasingly coming into industry, it may not.

The scientific method, that mixture of imagination, exact measurement, and controlled experiment, can work wonders in uncovering and making use of new facts and principles. A leading question is whether it has much relevance to day-to-day or practical commercial affairs—deciding whether to promote Mr. A. as against Mr. B., or whether to take a given order at a given price. Most managers, in spite of the prestige of science to-day, would be inclined to doubt it.

Yet a whole new "department" of science—operational research—has been built up upon the claims of scientists to be able to take a large amount of the guesswork out of this type of problem. And an increasing number of big companies in this country and the United States are beginning to take those claims seriously. The psychologist is already encamped in the personnel selection departments. The "industrial mathematician," as Lord Halsbury has christened him, is beginning to employ his computer to work out practical problems such as the right level of stocks to hold at various points of an organisation, the most profitable way to employ a large mixture of productive equipment on a variety of orders, or the amount of inspection needed at different points in an industrial process.

This use of science outside the purely technical field is growing, linking up with techniques such as work study to increase the professional expertise available to managers in British industry. Over the years, one would expect it to move many more scientists into ordinary management jobs, and through the "weeding-out" process upwards towards the boardroom. This is no guarantee of commercial progress; in taking ordinary decisions, the best scientific brains can make as many mistakes as the layman. But it should ensure that British industry has more certainty in its technical progress—where it has sometimes lagged in the past.

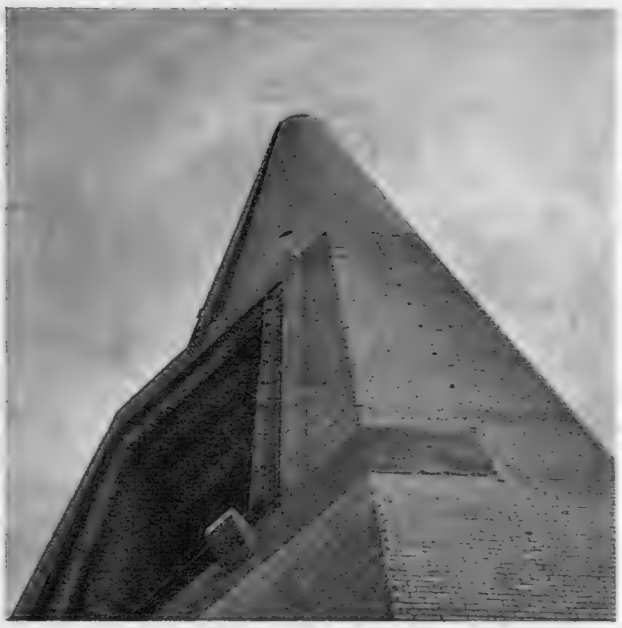
THE VAST I.C.I. FACTORY AT WILTON: It is claimed to be the largest single project in the history of the British chemical industry, 2,000 acres having been taken for development by Imperial Chemical Industries. The large strutted construction in the left background of the picture is the olefines plant, or oil cracker. The spherical vessels in the centre background are for the storage of gas under pressure. Among other products, this enormous works manufactures Ethylene, from which Polythene is made. Other materials turned out from Wilton include synthetic detergents and anti-freeze. Total capital expenditure on the project will soon reach £100,000,000.

PANORAMA FROM A NEW GENERATING STATION NEAR THE KINCARDINE-ON-FORTH ROAD BRIDGE: This view of the bridge, which is the largest swing bridge in Europe, is from the top of the 400-ft.-high chimney of the new generating station at Kincardine-on-Forth.

A POWER STATION AND A BRIDGE

On left—

THE SHADOW OF A 400-FT.-HIGH CHIMNEY: A lorry carrying bricks is easily covered by the shadow of the giant chimney of the new Kincardine-on-Forth Generating Station. In its construction about two-and-a-quarter million bricks were used. It is one of the tallest chimneys in Europe, if not in the world. The new generating station, which it is estimated will cost about £45,000,000 to build, will not be completed until 1963. When it is finished it will be among the most powerful electric generating stations. As yet, although the chimney has been completed, the power station is only a skeleton.



THE GIANT CHIMNEY: It stretches up to 400 ft. above the ground. When the power station which it serves is completed, it will produce four times the power required by the city of Glasgow. Its capacity will ultimately be 720 megawatts, which is the equivalent of 1,000,000 h.p. It is estimated that when it is completed, in 1963, it will consume 2,000,000 tons of coal each year and there will be a coal store large enough to contain 450,000 tons of coal. The new power station is expected to be so efficient that its consumption, when compared to that of conventional stations, will save 700,000 tons of coal annually.

A NEW BRIDGE IN ITALY

On left—

A DIFFICULT ENGINEERING VENTURE: Piles of building materials lie at the foot of a bridge which is being built near Milan, in Northern Italy. The peak of the bridge is over 400 ft. above the bottom of the ravine. It is about 160 yards long and 13 ft. wide. When finished it will be in the form of two elegant arches. The material used for the construction is reinforced concrete and the whole structure spans a deep ravine. By the use of extremely modern techniques the necessity for supports along the length of the bridge has been avoided.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

On right—

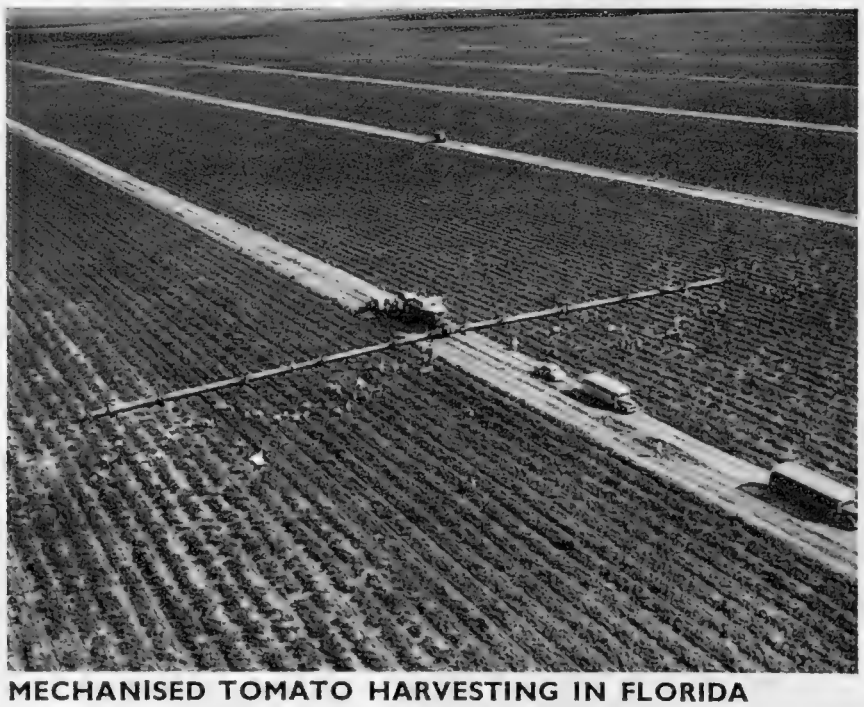
TO SEARCH FOR UNDERSEA OIL

AN "ISLAND" FOR OIL DRILLING: Tugboats manœuvre the mobile oil-drilling barge in the Kiel Canal. This German-built artificial island, *Adma Enterprise*, which was described in "The Sphere" of August 24, is being towed to the Persian Gulf, where it will prospect for undersea oil. The four tall chimney-like structures at the corners of the vessel are its 165-ft.-long retractable legs. The strutted construction on the right is the drilling tower, which is 140 ft. high. The shorter round structures in centre left are hoppers for the various chemicals required in drilling operations. The drilling unit bores to a depth of 15,000 ft. Helicopters can land on the raised platform at the back. British Petroleum and the Compagnie Française des Petroles ordered the barge from a German firm, Gutehoffnungs Sterkrade Aktiengesellschaft, and it was built at Audorf, on the Kiel Canal, to designs made by the DeLong Company of New York. It is 220 ft. long, 190 ft. wide, has a depth of 15 ft. and weighs 4,200 tons. On board the barge, which is one of the first of its type to be built in Europe, air-conditioned living and messing accommodation is provided for up to fifty people. The "island" is to be towed 6,800 miles to Das Island, in the Persian Gulf, where its fitting-out will be completed. After that, drilling will begin next year.

On left—

OIL PRODUCTION YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

OLD AND NEW SHELL REFINERIES: In the *far picture*, to the left, is one of the earliest refineries. Built of bricks and mortar, it is a refining plant constructed for Shell, in California, by an American designer, Milon J. Trumble, in 1913. It is claimed that refinery operation by means of towers was proved possible by this construction. The *near picture* shows part of the chemical plant at Shell's Stanlow Refinery, in Cheshire. From left to right are the Distillation Unit, the Special Products plant and the Ethylene Ethylene Gas Fractionating Unit. The Stanlow Refinery has grown since the end of the Second World War into one of the largest integrated refineries in Europe. Out of the crude oil imported from the Middle East and America it makes several hundred different products and now covers almost 2,000 acres.



MECHANISED TOMATO HARVESTING IN FLORIDA

The gigantic tomato-harvesting machine in the centre has massive conveyer-belts 165 ft. long on each side of its central unit. It is employed on the B. and L. Farm Company's land, in the Homestead-Redland district of Florida. The farm is claimed to be the world's largest grower of tomatoes; the crop covers 8,000 acres in an 18-mile strip and the unique machine was built for harvesting this crop. It is worked by 107 men. It grades and sizes the tomatoes and discards the rejects. The only manual work necessary is picking the tomatoes and putting them in the conveyer belts.

THE FIRST MONORAIL TRAIN IN THE UNITED STATES

Passengers at Summit Beach Park, in Akron, Ohio, peer downwards from what is believed to be the first single-track overhead railway of its kind in the U.S. The train was developed by five residents of the town who formed a firm called Allied Enterprises. It has been designed not only for amusement parks and fairgrounds, but also as a serious venture into the development of modern transport. Its builders have invited city and transport officials to inspect it as they believe it may supply an answer to traffic problems in crowded cities. It could ply above the traffic in busy streets.

The Stately Homes of SCHWEPPSHIRE

NEW SCHWEPTON

Long admired as a Schweppshire land-mark, Schwepton Hall has been turned to new uses. Once the annexe to the hunting lodge of the footman of the favourite of Anne of Schwellenburg, it came later, by the natural processes of democratisation, under the ownership of the first Marquis of Schweppingham, who created Schwepton Hall Golf Course (9 holes), and whose ashes are buried in the bunker guarding the 8th green.

When in 1925 the second Marquis moved to two rooms over the village post-office, Schwepton Hall Co-educational was founded. The ideal of "New Schwepton" was the creation of a tremendously modern school in tremendously ancient surroundings. "Well proportioned old drain pipes mean well balanced boys," said Founder Uschwepski, "but modernised art goes best with modernised play pens," he continued, placing an abstract on concrete. "It's what you take in through the back of your neck which matters," he remarked noticing that the boys seemed to be paying no attention. It is said that this great educationist once talked for eight months without actually mentioning anything, though he had left fairly extraordinary objects lying about.

Our picture shows Schwepton today, a little dimmed in spirit, with even a touch of stalemate. Twenty-five years of never saying "don't" has not left the Fifth Form master looking any younger. The Picasso prints are yellow and peeling. A new boy recently sneaked off to the woods to indulge in some secret Latin prose composition. Two misfit girls ran away to the Establishment for the Daughters of Fairly Distinguished Gentlewomen.

But the spirit of Schwepton will prevail. Four hundred and eighty successive Common Entrance candidates will not have failed in vain.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

OUTSIDE THE CLUB-HOUSE AT THE ROYAL MID-SURREY GOLF CLUB AT RICHMOND: Competitors and guests at The Illustrated Newspapers' Golf Meeting are standing outside the Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Clubhouse after the annual medal competition for "The Sphere" Golf Challenge Cup, held on Friday of last week. In the centre of the front row, Mr. Charles Snelling, C.B.E., the Vice-Chairman of Illustrated Newspapers Limited (proprietors of "The Sphere"), presents the trophy to the winner, Mr. P. Battle. This popular annual invitation meeting has taken place every year (except during the war) since 1926 and many prominent figures in the publishing and business worlds gather at the Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Club to take part in the event. This year the cup was won by Mr. P. Battle, with a net score of 64, while Mr. A. Webb was runner-up with a score of 66. Altogether there were fifty-eight competitors and guests at Richmond. The weather was mainly fine. After the competition prizes were distributed by Mr. Snelling and speeches of thanks were made by Mr. L. M. Masius and Mr. A. Pemberton.

"THE SPHERE" GOLF CHALLENGE CUP

Illustrated Newspapers' Annual Golf Meeting at the Royal Mid-Surrey.

PRESENTING "THE SPHERE" CUP: Mr. C. Snelling, Vice-Chairman of Illustrated Newspapers Limited, on left, presents the cup to Mr. P. Battle, who won the event with a net score of 64.

FOUR OF THE COMPETITORS: They are, from left to right, Mr. G. Ellis, Mr. G. W. Pangbourne, Mr. R. Hale and Mr. R. H. Dolton. Altogether there were fifty-eight competitors and guests.

ON THE COURSE: *Above*—Mr. Robert Bett, left, is with his partner, Mr. Arthur Webb. This partnership carried off the bogey foursomes. *On right*—General Sir Alexander Galloway, left, is seen with his partner, Mr. Michael Smalley. They emerged as runners-up for the bogey foursomes.

MORE PARTNERS ON THE COURSE: *Above*—Mr. Charles Snelling, the Vice-Chairman of Illustrated Newspapers Limited, left, is walking with Sir Graham Hayman, who was his partner. In the picture *on the right* Mr. H. Tingay, left, is in conversation with his partner, Mr. J. Grant, as they walk over the course.

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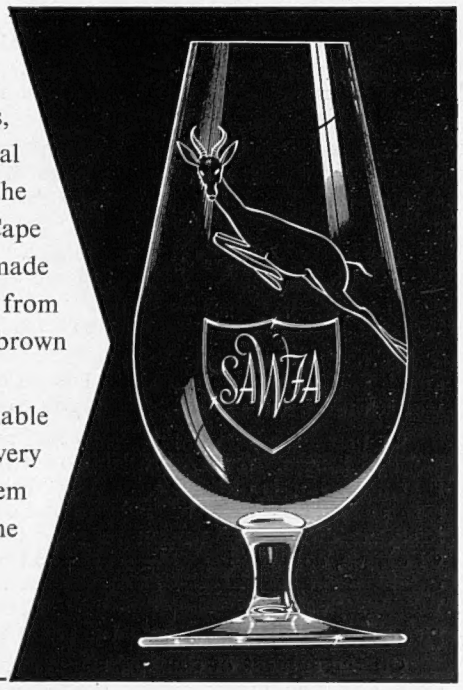

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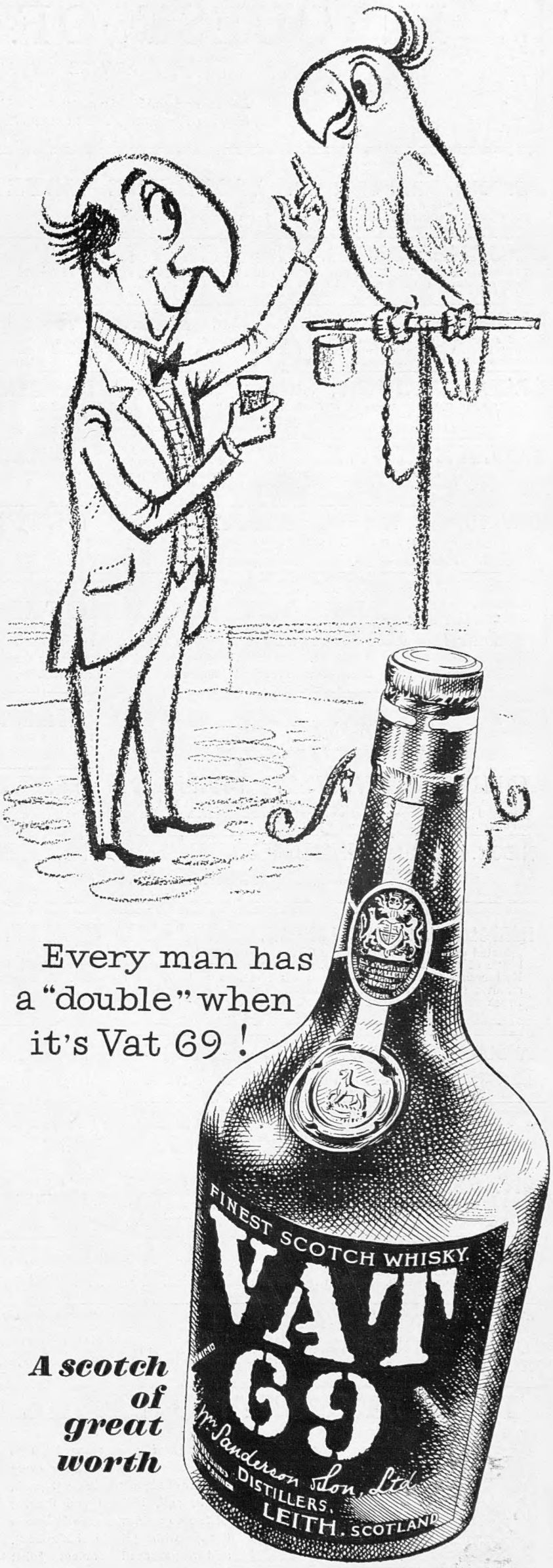

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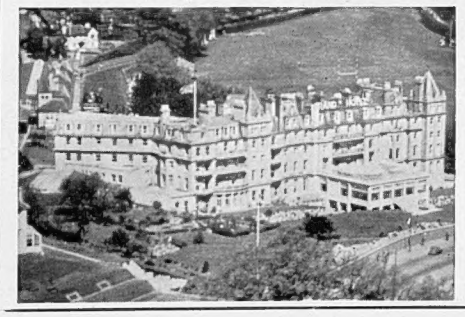

It's a good address for all ages at all times. Something for every member of the family to do. Squash, tennis, golf, billiards and dancing all free to residents. 200 bedrooms (many with private bathrooms), and a personal service. Joint Managers, Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Paul.

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AUTUMN IS A TIME FOR RE-POTTING and care must be taken not to damage the roots.

A sound horticultural maxim this, which can be applied to people giving up housekeeping with the idea of residing in an hotel, except that while the former have to be content with smaller quarters, plants have the advantage of larger pots.

Giving up one's own home must always be a wrench, but as against damaged roots there is the compensation of someone else having to cope with staff and catering problems, with an inclusive bill per week which covers housekeeping, rates, heat and light.

I suppose it is the thought of winter ahead that causes an increase in my enquiries at this time of the year concerning residential hotel accommodation. At any rate it is a fitting moment to give some advice on what is a momentous decision.

The first problem is that of district. It must be in a place where you feel that the roots of your life can strike again, a place where in the case of a married couple both can continue to cultivate those home interests which they very reluctantly have had to abandon.

Perhaps as we are on the subject of roots, gardening may be your hobby, and if you care to write to me, I can tell you of hotels with lovely grounds where they will be delighted for you to lend a hand.

Or perhaps you would like to find an hotel where you can be sure of a game of bridge. A reader wrote to me only last week and asked why it was that more hotels did not advertise "bridge available." The answer is that a rubber is usually to be had in most hotels where there is a percentage of residents, and in most reasonable sized towns a local bridge club will be found. Of course, country lovers who are keen bridge players may not want to turn out at night, so there are hotels such as the Manor at Castle Coombe, in Wiltshire, where Major and Mrs. R. Allen welcome residents who are bridge players, for they are keen on the game themselves.

On the subject of climate, such is the fickleness of British weather that on a day you might expect sunshine in South Devon and snow on the Grampians, the position may be reversed. Among the mildest winter climates in Britain is Grange-over-Sands, in Lancashire. Here note well Graythwaite Manor Hotel, an admirable residential hotel with lovely grounds which overlooks Morecambe Bay. So it is not outdoor weather conditions that the residential hotel seeker need worry about, but the temperature within.

Then choose an hotel which caters for permanent residents, or, better still, the hotel which only accepts a limited number and has a constant number of ins and outs.

Some hotels only cater for permanent residents from October to March or April, and though I have often overheard grumbles from residents about being turned out when the holiday season commences, such people should remember that they have enjoyed very reduced terms, quite unprofitable from the hotel angle, but advantageous in that hotel owners have been able to keep a fully employed key staff and avoid frozen pipes and other winter menaces. In any case, it is an advantage for any long-term residents to move out in the summer months, visit friends, have a change of air and so come back like girls and boys to school after the holidays with something fresh to talk about.

Whether or not you seek a permanent or semi-permanent hotel-home, my advice is always to go and stay at it first for a week or so to see if you like it, and by the same token the hotel management and staff like you.

So many people ask me for an hotel which can offer sitting-room as well as bedroom. A few hotels other than the large ones do have suites, but the rate is proportionately higher, so that most people content themselves with a large room which can be used as a bed-sitting-room.

Now for the names and addresses of a few hotels in Kent and Surrey which I think are admirably suited for residential purposes having regard to their location, their climate, their amenities, and the consideration of the owners:

KENT

Folkestone.—Princes Hotel, where apart from the hotel accommodation private unfurnished flats adjoining the hotel are also from time to time available. For particulars write Mrs. Bladen.

Hythe.—Hotel Imperial. Here they have a number of suites available from time to time, unfurnished on lease. Admirably positioned facing the sea, yet sheltered from the north, the Hotel Imperial or its cheaper-priced sister, Stade Court Hotel, make very fitting hotels in which to reside.

Tunbridge Wells.—Harewood. A small private unlicensed hotel for those of limited income. Write Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Greenfield for particulars.

Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel. Very popular, both from the tourist and residential angle. Eighty bedrooms with everything laid on, from a nine-hole golf course to billiards.

SURREY

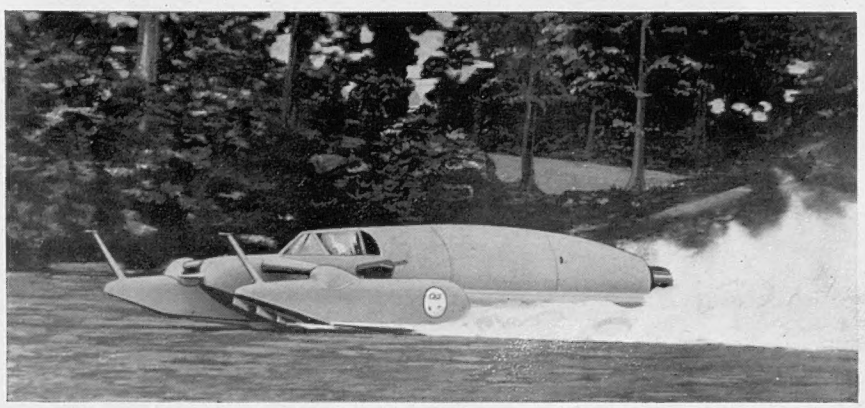
Englefield Green.—The Lodge, opened by Miss Hilda Downie in 1940 as a residential hotel who quotes special winter terms, and offers a few suites with private bathrooms.

Hindhead.—Brambledown. A small residential hotel, thirteen bedrooms, two with private bathrooms. A delightful garden.

Richmond.—Morshead Hotel. Semi-residential, and an excellent hotel for those who want to live economically within daily reach of London.

Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel. Probably the best-known residential hotel in the country, having 150 bedrooms, thirty-one private bathrooms, several self-contained suites and 60 acres of parkland, including an eighteen-hole golf course.

Another famous user!



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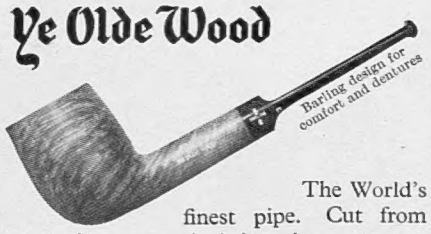

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